

# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Organ of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations.

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


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B. H. ROBERTS

# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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No. 7.

## HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

BY HIS MOTHER, LUCY SMITH.

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### CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. HARRIS PROSECUTES JOSEPH—EX-PARTE EXAMINATION.

About the first of August, Samuel returned home, bringing us news of Joseph's success. This intelligence produced in Martin Harris a great desire to go down to Pennsylvania to see how they were prospering. This being made known to his wife, she resolved to prevent him from going, also to bring Joseph into difficulty, which would perhaps hinder him from ever accomplishing the work in which he was engaged.

To this end, she undertook to prove, that Joseph never had the Record which he professed to have, and that he pretended to have in his possession certain gold plates, for the express purpose of obtaining money. Accordingly, she mounted her horse, rode from house to house through the neighborhood, like a dark spirit, making diligent inquiry wherever she had the least hopes of glean- ing anything, and stirring up every malicious feeling which would tend to subserve her wicked purpose. Having ascertained the number and strength of her adherents, she entered a complaint against Joseph, before a certain magistrate of Lyons. She then

sent word to Lyman Cowdery, requesting him to come thither, prepared to go post haste to Pennsylvania, (provided the decision should be given against Joseph,) to assist the officers in securing and confining him in prison. This call, Lyman Cowdery answered immediately, and all things seemed going on prosperously with Mrs. Harris. She made affidavit to many things herself, and directed the officers whom to subpoena. Among the number was her husband, who was a principal witness in the case.

When the day of trial came on, the neighbors came and informed us, that the witnesses had gone to Lyons with the declared intention to obtain a verdict against Joseph, if it could be done by swearing. Immediately after our friends left, Hyrum came in, and I asked him what could be done.

"Why, mother," said he, "we can do nothing, except to look to the Lord: in him is all help and strength; he can deliver from every trouble."

I had never neglected this important duty, yet, seeing such confidence in my son, strengthened me in this hour of trial. Not being accustomed to lawsuits of this character, I trembled for the issue, for this was the first time a suit had ever been preferred before a court against any of my family. I retired to a secluded place, and poured out my whole soul in entreaties to God, for the safety of my son, and continued my supplication for some time; at length the spirit fell upon me so powerfully, that every foreboding of ill was entirely removed from my mind, and a voice spoke to me, saying, "not one hair of his head shall be harmed." I was satisfied. I arose, and repaired to the house. I had never before in my life experienced such happy moments. I sat down and began to read, but my feelings were too intense to allow me to do so. My daughter-in-law, Jerusha, came into the room soon after this, and when she turned her eyes upon me, she stopped short, and exclaimed, "Why! mother! what is the matter? I never saw you look so strangely in my life."

I told her, that I had never felt so happy before in my life, that my heart was so light, and my mind so completely at rest, that it did not appear possible to me that I should ever have any more trouble while I should exist. I then informed her in relation to the witness which I had received from the Lord.



In the evening the proceedings of the court were rehearsed to us, which were as follows:

The witnesses, being duly sworn, the first arose and testified, that Joseph Smith told him that the box which he had, contained nothing but sand; and he, Joseph Smith, said it was gold, to deceive the people.

Second witness swore, that Joseph Smith had told him that it was nothing but a box of lead, and he was determined to use it as he saw fit.

Third witness declared, that he once inquired of Joseph Smith what he had in that box, and Joseph Smith told him that there was nothing at all in the box, saying, that he had made fools of the whole of them, and all he wanted was to get Martin Harris's money away from him, and that he (witness) was knowing to the fact that Joseph Smith had, by his persuasion, already got two or three hundred dollars.

Next came Mrs. Harris's affidavit, in which she stated, that she believed the chief object which Joseph Smith had in view, was to defraud her husband out of all his property, and that she did not believe that Joseph Smith had ever been in possession of the gold plates which he talked so much about.

The magistrate then forbade the introduction of any more witnesses, until Martin Harris should be sworn. Martin being called upon, testified with boldness, decision and energy, to a few simple facts. When he arose he raised his hand to heaven, and said, "I can swear, that Joseph Smith never has got one dollar from me by persuasion, since God made me. I did once, of my own free will and accord, put fifty dollars into his hands, in the presence of many witnesses, for the purpose of doing the work of the Lord. This, I can pointedly prove; and I can tell you, furthermore, that I have never seen in Joseph Smith, a disposition to take any man's money, without giving him a reasonable compensation for the same in return. And as to the plates which he professes to have, gentlemen, if you do not believe it, but continue to resist the truth, it will one day be the means of damning your souls."

After hearing this testimony, the magistrate told them they need not call any more witnesses, but ordered them to bring him what had been written of the testimony already given. This he

tore in pieces before their eyes, and told them to go home about their business, and trouble him no more with such ridiculous folly. And they did go home perfectly discomfitted.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### JOSEPH AND OLIVER REMOVE TO WATERLOO—THEY FINISH THE TRANSLATION.

We will now return to Pennsylvania where we left Joseph and Oliver busily engaged in translating the Record.

After Samuel left them, they still continued the work as before, until about the time of the proceedings that took place in Lyons, New York. Near this time, as Joseph was translating by means of the Urim and Thummim, he received instead of the words of the Book, a commandment to write a letter to a man by the name of David Whitmer, who lived in Waterloo, requesting him to come immediately with his team, and convey himself and Oliver to his own residence, as an evil-designing people were seeking to take away his (Joseph's) life, in order to prevent the work of God from going forth to the world. The letter was written and delivered, and was shown by Mr. Whitmer to his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and their advice was asked in regard to the best course for him to take in relation to the matter.

His father reminded him that he had as much wheat sown upon the ground as he could harrow in two days, at least; besides this, he had a quantity of plaster of paris to spread, which must be done immediately, consequently he could not go, unless he could get a witness from God that it was absolutely necessary.

This suggestion pleased David, and he asked the Lord for a testimony concerning his going for Joseph, and was told by the voice of the Spirit to go as soon as his wheat was harrowed in. The next morning, David went to the field, and found that he had two heavy days' work before him. He then said to himself that, if he should be enabled, by any means, to do this work sooner than the same had ever been done on the farm before, he would receive it as an evidence, that it was the will of God, that he should do all in his power to assist Joseph Smith in the work in which he was engaged. He then fastened his horses to the harrow, and instead

of dividing the field into what is, by farmers, usually termed lands, drove around the whole of it, continuing thus till noon, when, on stopping for dinner, he looked around, and discovered to his surprise, that he had harrowed in full half the wheat. After dinner he went on as before, and by evening he finished the whole two days' work.

His father, on going into the field the same evening, saw what had been done, and he exclaimed, "There must be an overruling hand in this, and I think you would better go down to Pennsylvania as soon as your plaster of paris is sown."

The next morning, David took a wooden measure under his arm and went out to sow the plaster, which he had left, two days previous, in heaps near his sister's house, but, on coming to the place, he discovered that it was gone! He then ran to his sister, and inquired of her if she knew what had become of it. Being surprised she said, "Why do you ask me? was it not all sown yesterday?"

"Not to my knowledge," answered David.

"I am astonished at that," replied his sister, "for the children came to me in the forenoon, and begged of me to go out and see the men sow plaster in the field, saying, that they never saw anybody sow plaster so fast in their lives. I accordingly went, and saw three men at work in the field, as the children said, but, supposing that you had hired some help, on account of your hurry, I went immediately into the house, and gave the subject no further attention."

David made considerable inquiry in regard to the matter, both among his relatives and neighbors, but was not able to learn who had done it. However, the family were convinced that there was an exertion of supernatural power connected with this strange occurrence.

David immediately set out for Pennsylvania, and arrived there in two days, without injuring his horses in the least, though the distance was one hundred and thirty-five miles. When he arrived, he was under the necessity of introducing himself to Joseph, as this was the first time that they had ever met.

I will observe, that the only acquaintance which existed between the Smith and Whitmer families, was that formed by Mr. Smith and myself, when on our way from Manchester to Penn-

sylvania to visit Joseph, at which time we stopped with David over night and gave him a brief history of the Record.

When Joseph commenced making preparations for the journey, he inquired of the Lord to know in what manner he should carry the plates. The answer was, that he should commit them into the hands of an angel, for safety, and after arriving at Mr. Whitmer's the angel would meet him in the garden and deliver them up again into his hands.

Joseph and Oliver set out without delay, leaving Emma to take charge of affairs during her husband's absence. On arriving at Waterloo, Joseph received the Record according to promise. The next day, he and Oliver resumed the work of translation, which they continued without further interruption until the whole work was accomplished.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PLATES ARE SHOWN TO TWELVE WITNESSES—JOSEPH MAKES ARRANGEMENTS FOR PRINTING THE BOOK OF MORMON.

As soon as the Book of Mormon was translated, Joseph despatched a messenger to Mr. Smith, bearing intelligence of the completion of the work, and a request that Mr. Smith and myself should come immediately to Waterloo.

The same evening, we conveyed 'this intelligence to Martin Harris, for we loved the man, although his weakness had cost us much trouble. Hearing this, he greatly rejoiced, and determined to go straightway to Waterloo to congratulate Joseph upon his success. Accordingly, the next morning, we all set off together, and before sunset met Joseph and Oliver at Mr. Whitmer's.

The evening was spent in reading the manuscript, and it would be superfluous for me to say, to one who has read the foregoing pages, that we rejoiced exceedingly. It then appeared to those of us who did not realize the magnitude of the work, as if the greatest difficulty was then surmounted; but Joseph better understood the nature of the dispensation of the Gospel which was committed unto him.

The next morning, after attending to the usual services, namely, reading, singing and praying, Joseph arose from his knees,



and approaching Martin Harris with a solemnity that thrills through my veins to this day, when it occurs to my recollection, said, "Martin Harris, you have got to humble yourself before God this day, that you may obtain a forgiveness of your sins. If you do, it is the will of God that you should look upon the plates, in company with Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer."

In a few minutes after this, Joseph, Martin, Oliver and David, repaired to a grove, a short distance from the house, where they commenced calling upon the Lord, and continued in earnest supplication, until he permitted an angel to come down from his presence, and declare to them, that all which Joseph had testified of concerning the plates was true.

When they returned to the house it was between three and four o'clock p.m. Mrs. Whitmer, Mr. Smith and myself, were sitting in a bedroom at the time. On coming in, Joseph threw himself down beside me, and exclaimed, "Father, mother, you do not know how happy I am: the Lord has now caused the plates to be shown to three more besides myself. They have seen an angel, who has testified to them, and they will have to bear witness to the truth of what I have said, for now they know for themselves, that I do not go about to deceive the people, and I feel as if I was relieved of a burden which was almost too heavy for me to bear, and it rejoices my soul, that I am not any longer to be entirely alone in the world." Upon this, Martin Harris came in: he seemed almost overcome with joy, and testified boldly to what he had both seen and heard. And so did David and Oliver, adding, that no tongue could express the joy of their hearts, and the greatness of the things which they had both seen and heard.

Their written testimony, which is contained in the Book of Mormon, is as follows:—

#### THE TESTIMONY OF THREE WITNESSES.

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this Record, which is a Record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower, of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it

unto us; wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shown unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare, with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true; and it is marvelous in our eyes, nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

OLIVER COWDERY,  
DAVID WHITMER,  
MARTIN HARRIS.

The following day, we returned, a cheerful, happy company. In a few days, we were followed by Joseph, Oliver and the Whitmers, who came to make us a visit, and make some arrangements about getting the book printed. Soon after they came, all the male part of the company, with my husband, Samuel and Hyrum, retired to a place where the family were in the habit of offering up their secret devotions to God. They went to this place, because it had been revealed to Joseph that the plates would be carried thither by one of the ancient Nephites. Here it was, that those eight witnesses, whose names are recorded in the Book of Mormon, looked upon them and handled them. Of which they bear record in the following words:—

#### THE TESTIMONY OF EIGHT WITNESSES.

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jr., the translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work, and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record, with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and hefted,

and know of a surety, that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world, to witness unto the world that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness of it.

CHRISTIAN WHITMER,  
JACOB WHITMER,  
PETER WHITMER, JUN.,  
JOHN WHITMER,

HIRAM PAGE,  
JOSEPH SMITH, SEN.,  
HYRUM SMITH,  
SAMUEL H. SMITH.

After these witnesses returned to the house, the angel again made his appearance to Joseph, at which time Joseph delivered up the plates into the angel's hands. That evening, we held a meeting, in which all the witnesses bore testimony to the facts, as stated above; and all of our family, even to Don Carlos, who was but fourteen years of age, testified of the truth of the Latter-day Dispensation—that it was then ushered in. In a few days, the whole company from Waterloo, went to Palmyra to make arrangements for getting the book printed; and they succeeded in making a contract with one E. B. Grandin, but did not draw the writings at that time. The next day, the company from Waterloo returned home, excepting Joseph, and Peter Whitmer, Joseph remaining to draw writings in regard to the printing of the manuscript, which was to be done on the day following.

When Joseph was about starting for Palmyra, where the writings were to be executed, Dr. M'Intyre came in and informed us, that forty men were collected in the capacity of a mob, with the view of waylaying Joseph on his way thither; that they requested him (Dr. M'Intyre) as they had done once before, to take command of the company, and, that upon his refusing to do so, one Mr. Huzzy, a hatter of Palmyra, proffered his services, and was chosen as their leader.

On hearing this, I besought Joseph not to go; but he smiled at my fears, saying, "Never mind, mother, just put your trust in God, and nothing will hurt me today." In a short time he set out for Palmyra. On his way thither, lay a heavy strip of timber, about half a mile in width, and, beyond it, on the right side of the road, lay a field belonging to David Jacaway. When he came to this field, he found the mob seated on the string of fence running along the road. Coming to Mr. Huzzy first, he took off his hat, and good-naturedly saying, "Good morning, Mr. Huzzy," passed on to

the next, whom he saluted in like manner, and the next, and so on till he came to the last.

This struck them with confusion, and while they were pondering in amazement, he passed on, leaving them perched upon the fence, like so many roosting chickens, and arrived at Palmyra without being molested. Here he met Mr. Grandin, and writings were drawn up between them to this effect: That half of the price for printing was to be paid by Martin Harris, and the residue by my two sons, Joseph and Hyrum. These writings were afterwards signed by all the parties concerned.

When Joseph returned from Palmyra he said, "Well, mother, the Lord has been on my side today, the devil has not overpowered me in any of my proceedings. Did I not tell you that I should be delivered from the hands of all my enemies! They thought they were going to perform great feats; they have done wonders to prevent me from getting the book printed; they mustered themselves together, and got upon the fence, made me a low bow, and went home, and I'll warrant you they wish they had stayed there in the first place. Mother, there is a God in heaven, and I know it."

Soon after this, Joseph secured the copyright; and before he returned to Pennsylvania, where he had left his wife, he received a commandment, which was in substance as follows:—

First, that Oliver Cowdery should transcribe the whole manuscript. Second, that he should take but one copy at a time to the office, so that if one copy should get destroyed, there would still be a copy remaining. Third, that in going to and from the office, he should always have a guard to attend him, for the purpose of protecting the manuscript. Fourth, that a guard should be kept constantly on the watch, both night and day, about the house, to protect the manuscript from malicious persons, who would infest the house for the purpose of destroying the manuscript. All these things were strictly attended to, as the Lord commanded Joseph. After giving these instructions, Joseph returned to Pennsylvania.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PRINTING IS BEGUN—A MEETING OF THE CITIZENS HELD IN REFERENCE TO THE BOOK.

Oliver Cowdery commenced the work immediately after Joseph



left, and the printing went on very well for a season, but the clouds of persecution again began to gather. The rabble, and a party of restless religionists, began to counsel together, as to the most efficient means of putting a stop to our proceedings.

About the first council of this kind was held in a room adjoining that in which Oliver and a young man by the name of Robinson were printing. Mr. Robinson being curious to know what they were doing in the next room, applied his ear to a hole in the partition wall, and by this means overheard several persons expressing their fears in reference to the Book of Mormon. One said, "it was destined to break down everything before it, if not put a stop to," and, "that it was likely to injure the prospects of their ministers," and then inquired, whether they should endure it. "No, no," was the unanimous reply. It was then asked "How shall we prevent the printing of this book?" Upon which it was resolved by the meeting, that three of their company should be appointed to go to the house of Mr. Smith, on the following Tuesday or Wednesday, while the men were gone to their work, and request Mrs. Smith to read the manuscript to them; that, after she had done reading it, two of the company should endeavor to divert her attention from it to some other object, while the third, seizing the opportunity, should snatch it from the drawer, or wherever it should be kept, and commit it immediately to the flames.

"Again," said the speaker, "suppose we fail in this, and the book be printed in defiance of all that we can do to the contrary, what means shall we then adopt? Shall we buy their books and allow our families to read them?" They all responded, "No." They then entered into a solemn covenant, never to purchase even a single copy of the work, or permit one member of their families to buy or read one, that they might thus avert the awful calamity which threatened them.

Oliver Cowdery came home that evening, and, after relating the whole affair with much solemnity, he said, "Mother, what shall I do with the manuscript? where shall I put it to keep it away from them?"

"Oliver," said I, "I do not think the matter so serious after all, for there is a watch kept constantly about the house, and I need not take out the manuscript to read it to them unless I

choose, and for its present safety I can have it deposited in a chest, under the head of my bed, in such a way that it never will be disturbed." I then placed it in a chest, which was so high that when placed under the bed, the whole weight of the bedstead rested upon the lid. Having made this arrangement, we felt quite at rest, and that night, the family retired to rest at the usual hour, all save Peter Whitmer, who spent the night on guard. But as for myself, soon after I went to bed I fell into a train of reflections which occupied my mind, and which caused sleep to forsake my eyelids till the day dawned, for, when I meditated upon the days of toil, and nights of anxiety, through which we had all passed for years previous, in order to obtain the treasure that then lay beneath my head; when I thought upon the hours of fearful apprehensions which we had all suffered on the same account, and that the object was at last accomplished, I could truly say that my soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Savior. I felt that the heavens were moved in our behalf, and that the angels who had power to put down the mighty from their seats, and to exalt those who were of low degree, were watching over us; that those would be filled who hungered and thirsted after righteousness, when the rich would be sent empty away; that God had helped his servant Israel in remembrance of his promised mercy, and in bringing forth a Record, by which is made known the seed of Abraham, our father. Therefore, we could safely put our trust in him, as he was able to help in every time of need.

On the fourth day subsequent to the afore-mentioned council, soon after my husband left the house to go to his work, those three delegates appointed by the council, came to accomplish the work assigned to them. Soon after they entered, one of them began thus:—

"Mrs. Smith, we hear that you have a gold bible; we have come to see if you will be so kind as to show it to us?"

"No, gentlemen," said I, "we have no gold bible, but we have a translation of some gold plates, which have been brought forth for the purpose of making known to the world the plainness of the gospel, and also to give a history of the people which formerly inhabited this continent." I then proceeded to relate the substance of what is contained in the Book of Mormon, dwelling particularly

upon the principles of religion therein contained. I endeavored to show them the similarity between these principles, and the simplicity of the gospel taught by Jesus Christ in the New Testament. "Notwithstanding all this," said I, "the different denominations are very much opposed to us. The Universalists are alarmed lest their religion should suffer loss, the Presbyterians tremble for their salaries, the Methodists also come, and they rage, for they worship a God without body or parts, and they know that our faith comes in contact with this principle."

After hearing me through, the gentlemen said, "Can we see the manuscript, then?"

"No, sir," replied I, "you cannot see it. I have told you what it contains, and that must suffice."

He made no reply to this, but said, "Mrs. Smith, you and the most of your children have belonged to our church for some length of time, and we respect you very highly. You say a good deal about the Book of Mormon, which your son has found, and you believe much of what he tells you, yet we cannot bear the thoughts of losing you, and they do wish—I wish, that if you do believe those things, you would not say anything more upon the subject—I do wish you would not."

"Deacon Beckwith," said I, "if you should stick my flesh full of faggots, and even burn me at the stake, I would declare, as long as God should give me breath, that Joseph has got that Record, and that I know it to be true."

At this, he observed to his companions, "You see it is of no use to say anything more to her, for we cannot change her mind." Then, turning to me, he said, "Mrs. Smith, I see that it is not possible to persuade you out of your belief, therefore I deem it unnecessary to say anything more upon the subject."

"No, sir," said I, "it is not worth your while."

He then bade me farewell, and went out to see Hyrum, when the following conversation took place between them:

Deacon Beckwith: "Mr. Smith, do you not think that you may be deceived about that Record, which your brother pretends to have found?"

Hyrum: "No, sir, I do not."

Deacon Beckwith: "Well, now, Mr. Smith, if you find that

you are deceived, and that he has not got the Record, will you confess the fact to me?"

Hyrum: "Will you, Deacon Beckwith, take one of the books, when they are printed, and read it, asking God to give you an evidence that you may know whether it is true?"

Deacon Beckwith: "I think it beneath me to take so much trouble, however, if you will promise that you will confess to me that Joseph never had the plates, I will ask for a witness whether the book is true."

Hyrum: "I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Beckwith, if you do get a testimony from God, that the book is not true, I will confess to you that it is not true."

Upon this they parted, and the Deacon next went to Samuel, who quoted to him, Isaiah, lvi: 9-11:

All ye beasts of the field, come to devour; yea, all ye beasts in the forest. His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber; yea, they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter.

Here Samuel ended the quotation, and the three gentlemen left without ceremony.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### ESQUIRE COLE'S DOGBERRY PAPER—SECOND MEETING OF THE CITIZENS.

The work of printing still continued with little or no interruption, until one Sunday afternoon, when Hyrum became very uneasy as to the security of the work left at the printing office, and requested Oliver to accompany him thither, to see if all was right. Oliver hesitated for a moment, as to the propriety of going on Sunday, but finally consented, and they set off together.

On arriving at the printing establishment, they found it occupied by an individual by the name of Cole, an ex-justice of the peace, who was busily employed in printing a newspaper. Hyrum was much surprised at finding him there, and remarked, "How is it, Mr. Cole, that you are so hard at work on Sunday?"



Mr Cole replied, that he could not have the press, in the day time during the week, and was obliged to do his printing at night, and on Sundays.

Upon reading the prospectus of his paper, they found that he had agreed with his subscribers to publish one form of "Joe Smith's Gold Bible" each week, and thereby furnish them with the principle portion of the book in such a way that they would not be obliged to pay the Smiths for it. His paper was entitled, *Dogberry Paper on Winter Hill*. In this, he had thrown together a parcel of the most vulgar, disgusting prose, and the meanest, and most low-lived doggerel, in juxtaposition with a portion of the Book of Mormon, which he had pilfered. At this perversion of common sense and moral feeling, Hyrum was shocked, as well as indignant at the dishonest course which Mr. Cole had taken, in order to possess himself of the work.

"Mr. Cole," said he, "what right have you to print the Book of Mormon in this manner? Do you not know that we have secured the copyright?"

"It is none of your business," answered Cole, "I have hired the press, and will print what I please, so help yourself."

"Mr. Cole," rejoined Hyrum, "that manuscript is sacred, and I forbid your printing any more of it."

"Smith," exclaimed Cole, in a tone of anger, "I don't care a d—n for you: that d—d gold bible is going into my paper, in spite of all you can do."

Hyrum endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, but finding him inexorable, left him to issue his paper, as he had hitherto done; for when they found him at work, he had already issued six or eight numbers, and had managed to keep them out of our sight.

On returning from the office, they asked my husband what course was best for them to pursue, relative to Mr. Cole. He told them that he considered it a matter with which Joseph ought to be made acquainted. Accordingly, he set out himself for Pennsylvania, and returned with Joseph the ensuing Sunday. The weather was so extremely cold, that they came near perishing before they arrived at home, nevertheless, as soon as Joseph made himself partially comfortable, he went to the printing office, where

he found Cole employed, as on the Sunday previous. "How do you do, Mr. Cole," said Joseph, "you seem hard at work."

"How do you do, Mr. Smith," answered Cole, dryly.

Joseph examined his *Dogberry Paper*, and then said firmly, "Mr. Cole, that book, [the Book of Mormon] and the right of publishing it, belongs to me, and I forbid you meddling with it any further."

At this Mr. Cole threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and came towards Joseph, smacking his fists together with vengeance, and roaring out, "Do you want to fight, sir? do you want to fight? I will publish just what I please. Now, if you want to fight, just come on."

Joseph could not help smiling at his grotesque appearance, for his behavior was too ridiculous to excite indignation. "Now, Mr. Cole," said he, "you had better keep your coat on—it is cold, and I am not going to fight you, nevertheless, I assure you, sir, that you have got to stop printing my book, for I know my rights, and shall maintain them."

"Sir," bawled out the wrathful gentleman, "if you think you are the best man, just pull off your coat and try it."

"Mr. Cole," said Joseph, in a low, significant tone, "there is law, and you will find that out, if you do not understand it, but I shall not fight you, sir."

At this, the ex-justice began to cool off a little, and finally concluded to submit to an arbitration, which decided that he should stop his proceedings forthwith, so that he made us no further trouble.

Joseph, after disposing of this affair, returned to Pennsylvania, but not long to remain there, for when the inhabitants of the surrounding country perceived that the work still progressed, they became uneasy, and again called a large meeting. At this time, they gathered their forces together, far and near, and organizing themselves into a committee of the whole, they resolved, as before, never to purchase one of our books, when they should be printed. They then appointed a committee to wait upon E. B. Grandin, and inform him of the resolutions which they had passed, and also to explain to him the evil consequences which would result to him therefrom. The men who were appointed to do this errand, fulfilled their mission to the letter, and urged upon Mr. Grandin the necessity of his putting a stop to the printing, as the Smiths had lost all their property, and consequently would be unable to pay

him for his work, except by the sale of the books. And this they would never be able to do, for the people would not purchase them. This information caused Mr. Grandin to stop printing, and we were again compelled to send for Joseph. These trips, back and forth, exhausted nearly all our means, yet they seemed unavoidable.

When Joseph came, he went immediately with Martin Harris to Grandin, and succeeded in removing his fears, so that he went on with the work, until the books were printed, which was in the spring of eighteen hundred and thirty.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE CHURCH ORGANIZED.

About the first of April of the same year in which the Book of Mormon was published, Joseph came again from Pennsylvania, preached to us several times. My husband and Martin Harris were baptized. When Mr. Smith came out of the water, Joseph stood upon the shore, and taking his father by the hand, he exclaimed, with tears of joy, "Praise to my God! that I have lived to see my own father baptized into the true Church of Jesus Christ!" On April 6, 1830, the Church was organized.

Shortly after this, my sons were all ordained to the ministry, even Don Carlos, who was but fourteen years of age. Samuel was directed to take a number of the Books of Mormon, and go on a mission to Livonia, to preach, and make sale of the books, if possible. Whilst he was making preparations to go on this mission, Miss Almira Mack arrived in Manchester from Pontiac. This young woman was a daughter of my brother, Stephen Mack, whose history I have already given. She received the Gospel as soon as she heard it, and was baptized immediately, and has ever since remained a faithful member of the Church.

On the thirtieth of June, Samuel started on the mission to which he had been set apart by Joseph, and in traveling twenty-five miles, which was his first day's journey, he stopped at a number of places in order to sell his books, but was turned out of doors as soon as he declared his principles. When evening came on, he was faint and almost discouraged, but coming to an inn,

which was surrounded with every appearance of plenty, he called to see if the landlord would buy one of his books. On going in, Samuel enquired of him, if he did not wish to purchase a history of the origin of the Indians.

"I do not know," replied the host; "how did you get hold of it?"

"It was translated," rejoined Samuel, "by my brother, from some gold plates that he found buried in the earth."

"You d---d liar!" cried the landlord, "get out of my house—you sha'n't stay one minute with your books."

Samuel was sick at heart, for this was the fifth time he had been turned out of doors that day. He left the house, and traveled a short distance, and washed his feet in a small brook, as a testimony against the man. He then proceeded five miles further on his journey, and seeing an apple tree a short distance from the road, he concluded to pass the night under it; and here he lay all night upon the cold, damp ground. In the morning, he arose from his comfortless bed, and observing a small cottage at no great distance, he drew near, hoping to get a little refreshment. The only inmate was a widow, who seemed very poor. He asked her for food, relating the story of his former treatment. She prepared him some victuals, and, after eating, he explained to her the history of the Book of Mormon. She listened attentively, and believed all that he told her, but, in consequence of her poverty, she was unable to purchase one of the books. He presented her with one, and proceeded to Bloomington, which was eight miles further. Here he stopped at the house of John P. Greene, who was a Methodist preacher, and was at that time about starting on a preaching mission. He, like the others, did not wish to make a purchase of what he considered at that time to be a nonsensical fable, however, he said that he would take a subscription paper, and, if he found anyone on his route who was disposed to purchase, he would take his name, and in two weeks, Samuel might call again, and he would let him know what the prospect was of selling. After making this arrangement, Samuel left one of his books with him, and returned home. At the time appointed, Samuel started again for the Rev. John P. Greene's, in order to learn the success which this gentleman had met with in finding sale for the Book of Mormon.



This time, Mr. Smith, and myself accompanied him, and it was our intention to have passed near the tavern, where Samuel was so abusively treated a fortnight previous, but just before we came to the house, a sign of small-pox intercepted us. We turned aside, and meeting a citizen of the place, we enquired of him, to what extent this disease prevailed. He answered, that the tavern keeper and two of his family had died with it not long since, but he did not know that any one else had caught the disease, and that it was brought into the neighborhood by a traveler, who stopped at the tavern over night.

This is a specimen of the peculiar disposition of some individuals, who would sacrifice their soul's salvation rather than give a Saint of God a meal of victuals. According to the word of God, it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah, in the day of judgment, than for such persons.

We arrived at Esquire Beaman's, in Livonia, that night. The next morning Samuel took the road to Mr. Greene's, and, finding that he had made no sale of the books, we returned home the following day.

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### THE CORNERSTONE OF CHARACTER.

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The corner stone of character, that on which the whole edifice is to rest, must be truth. Be truthful in word and deed and act, faithful to your conception of right, and you can no more help building a noble character than the earth can help moving in its orbit. A boy who has the courage to tell the truth under all circumstances, even when it may appear to be to his own disadvantage, will never do a mean, unmanly, or dishonest thing. He will not stoop to do anything questionable, no matter what material gain it may promise.

—*Selected.*

## HOW SHALL WE FIND THE SABBATH OF PROFIT?

BY COL. R. M. BRYCE THOMAS.

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[The author is a gentleman of education and great experience, a retired officer of the British army, whose present residence is London. He spent the summer of 1901 in Salt Lake City, Utah. In view of the approaching summer season when outdoor recreation, excursions, and pleasure-seeking in general, are largely indulged in, and that, we are sorry to say, by many upon the Sabbath day, the article is specially timely as a warning to the young people to avoid Sabbath desecration, and also as serving to teach them the necessity of observing the day acceptably to God and advantageously to themselves.--EDITORS.]

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“We live for money by day and pleasure by night. I have no fear in saying that, at the present rate at which we are living, in fifty years we will have no Sabbath.”—*Rev. Lorrimer, New York.*

At a Church conference at Runcorn, Cheshire, yesterday, the Rev. H. B. Blogg, Vicar of Frodsham, created a sensation by advocating football and cricket for young people on Sunday afternoons. He maintained that it was better they should be playing healthy, manly games than loafing about smoking pernicious cigarettes. For men, he would encourage golf, without boy caddies, on the understanding that they attended morning service. He preferred the Continental Sunday to our own, and urged his fellow-clergy not to be afraid of introducing it.—*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 26, 1902.

And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath;

Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.—(Mark 2: 27, 28.)

The manner in which so many people, professedly belonging to one or other of the various denominations of worshipers in Christendom, appear to make use of the Sabbath day for almost any purpose other than that of the public worship of Jehovah, is a very

noticeable feature of modern times; and one is naturally led to question whether this fact is due to ignorance on their part of the important and merciful design of that day of rest, or to some other cause. Is it possible that they suppose that, when God commanded one day in seven to be exempted from the usual labors of life, he intended it to be kept merely as a day of recreation and merriment for his children upon the earth? Do they not know, or have they forgotten that, when he appointed one day in seven for a day of rest, he hallowed it, thus setting it apart for sacred purposes?

The Sabbath is a very old institution, for we find in the inspired records that, even from the earliest periods, the Patriarchs and other men of God both taught and practiced a respect for that day, as well as a strict observance of it. As far back in the past as the time referred to in Exodus 16, we find how this day was commanded to be kept. In the 26th verse of that chapter we read, "Six days ye shall gather it (manna); but on the seventh day, which is the Sabbath, there shall be none." And again in Deut. 5: 12, *et seq.*: "Keep the Sabbath day to sanctify it, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee: six days thou shalt labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor any of thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates; that thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou."

In these days there is a tendency to infer that our present conditions, and the surroundings of our lives, have become so altered since the time when God ordered the Sabbath to be kept holy, that the obligations of that day are no longer binding upon us in the same way, and to the same extent as formerly; and it is not unfrequently urged that, in as much as people are compelled to work hard throughout the week, they naturally require recreation and enjoyments on the only day on which they are not constrained to labor. Such an argument may at first sight appear reasonable enough, but it will scarcely, I think, bear close investigation, because, while it is admittedly the case that many of the circumstances by which people are surrounded differ from those of an-

cient times, the fact of men having to work hard during six days out of seven is nothing new at all. From the time when the law of the Sabbath was first given, and all along the line of history since then, men have always had to work hard for six days, and yet the Lord has never ceased to demand from them a strict observance of the Sabbath day. No people in modern times are obliged, I believe, to work harder than had the Israelites to do while in Egyptian bondage, when their cruel taskmasters, with whip in hand, compelled them to make brick without supplying them with straw; and yet these children of Israel were never permitted by God to consider that the obligations of the Sabbath were either annulled, or in any degree relaxed.

Had, however, any such changes taken place in men's circumstances, as would have warranted a relaxation of the strict observance of the Sabbath day, is it reasonable to suppose that our Father, who is just, intelligent, and omniscient, would have permitted his previous instructions to keep that day holy, to remain an absolute law unto men upon the earth? We find from a study of God's dealings with his people that, whenever changed circumstances called for any alterations in his demands upon them, he invariably revealed the same, and gave to them fresh laws more suited and adapted to their new conditions. We know of no such revelation, and those who advocate a relaxation in the observance of the day of rest, are unable to point to any new instructions on the subject. Surely, if the wise and merciful Father has not seen the necessity of modifying his requirements in this respect, man can have no right whatever, either to make such modifications himself, or to justify any annulling, or partial annulling, of the standing law of his God on the part of others.

It would seem as if either the real object and purpose of the institution of the day of rest can never have been properly understood by those who utilize the Sabbath for the purposes of their own self-gratification and pleasure, or else, if understood, such object and purpose have been altogether disregarded. Our Lord informed us that it was not man who was made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath for man; consequently that day must have been instituted for his special advantage: and it naturally follows that, if our advantage is of any interest to ourselves, (and to whom is it



not?) we ought to be glad to learn something, both of the purpose for which the Sabbath was ordained, and also of the manner in which we can observe it with the greatest profit to ourselves. In our examination into this subject, however, let us keep before our minds the fact that he, who gave man the Sabbath for his good, is the "Eternal God," and that he has always "eternal ends" in view, in his dealings with his children upon the earth, consequently, it would be both unavailing and improper on our part to enter upon a consideration of such dealings, without reference to those same "eternal ends."

In order that we may find our earthly Sabbaths of profit to us, we must ascertain (1) the signification of the word "Sabbath;" (2) the purpose for which that day was instituted; and (3) the way in which we may keep it acceptably to God, and advantageously to ourselves.

The word is a Hebrew one denoting "cessation" or "rest," and the Sabbath was primarily instituted to commemorate God's rest from his creative labors. In Exodus 20: 8-11, we read that God, having completed his work of creation in six days, rested on the seventh day and hallowed it, (probably in order to preserve the memory of his creation) and he therefore commanded that, after six days of work, his children on earth should also cease from all labor on the seventh day, and remember to keep that day holy by setting it apart to his worship. There are some who would seem to think that this command was given by God to his peculiar people the Jews only, and that it did not apply to the surrounding nations; but it is evident that such could not have been the case, because, through his inspired prophet Isaiah, he offers a blessing on the man, and the son of man, who keep the Sabbath from polluting it; and this blessing is to apply not only to the Israelite, but also to the sons of the stranger who join themselves to the Lord to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord. (Isaiah 56: 1-8).

By a reference to Exodus 16: 29, and to Ezekiel 20: 12, we learn something of the purpose of the institution of the Sabbath; namely, that it was a gift made by God to man; and Ezekiel tells us that it was to be a sign between God and his people, that they might know that he was the Lord that sanctified them. From

these and other texts of Scripture, it is evident that the Sabbath was appointed for man's rest from the cares and anxieties of life, in order to give him opportunities of serving his Maker, becoming acquainted with his character and attributes, applying himself to prayer and meditation, and seeking the consolations of religion by a study of the precious truths of God's holy word.

Had not God commanded his children to cease from labor by resting therefrom on the Sabbath day, the opportunities now enjoyed of searching into, and obtaining a knowledge of, things pertaining to his eternal happiness, would have been lost to man; for if even now, with the advantage of a day of rest from worldly cares once each week, the things pertaining to his future salvation are so frequently disregarded, what would have been his condition had no Sabbaths existed for his benefit, and what sort of a preparation would this world have been for that which is to come?

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; because man was created first, and the Sabbath was given to him afterwards for his good; and, if properly observed, will tend greatly to his welfare both here and hereafter; while, if neglected or profaned, it cannot but operate in the direction of his condemnation; because the opportunities which these Sabbaths afford him for improvement are very great, when we consider that, in the course of one year, man has given to him a clear fifty-two days for his spiritual upbuilding and advancement; or, in other words, he has a full year every seven years, and seven complete years in a lifetime of just upon fifty years; and thus he has very frequent opportunities indeed of utilizing all these many means of grace, which God has placed within his reach, to enable him to secure for himself the beatitudes of the Heavenly Kingdom. Who then can ever be in a position hereafter to offer excuses, by pleading want of time or opportunities, however busy and full of labors one's life may have been upon the earth? There is a marked analogy existing in several respects between the spirit and the body, and the former demands just as much care and sustenance to maintain it in a condition of health and strength, as the latter; and thus arises the necessity of our having one day in every seven allowed to us for the upbuilding of our spiritual lives, free from the toils and anxieties and labor which accompany and surround us during the

other six. The Sabbath, therefore, is a loving provision made by God for his children upon the earth; and, inasmuch as we are in possession of intelligence, and have been blessed with a perfect freedom of choice and action, we shall assuredly have to render to God an account, both of our observance and of our disregard, of this holy day of rest.

It remains for us now to consider how we may best observe these Sabbaths, which, if profitably utilized and enjoyed here, will fit us for the more perfect and exalted Sabbath of rest that remains for the people of God. Let us remember that he who claimed to be "The Lord of the Sabbath," had a perfect right to direct how the day should be observed, and it therefore becomes necessary for us to turn to his teachings for our instructions on this point. From a study of the Scriptures, we learn that the Jews, at the time when our Savior was upon the earth, were very rigid observers of the strict letter of the law which had been given to them by Moses (a law that commanded them to abstain from all kinds of work on the Sabbath day—(Exodus 20: 10; 35: 2-3; Numbers 15: 32-36); while at the same time the true spirit of that law they quite overlooked, rendering their religion thereby a mere form of outward observances, for which our Lord condemned them on more than one occasion. For instance, we read in Luke 13: 11-17, that a ruler of one of the Jewish synagogues found fault with Christ's supposed breach of the Sabbath, because on that day he performed a miracle of healing upon a woman who had been bowed down for eighteen years with a spirit of infirmity. Our Lord's answer to him was, "Thou hypocrite, doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering? and ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?" On another occasion, the Pharisees accused our Lord's disciples of profaning the Sabbath, because, when hungry, they plucked the ears of corn as they walked through the cornfield on that day; saying, "Behold, thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do upon the Sabbath day." In reply, our Lord pointed out that there were occasions in which man's needs might justify a breach of the strict letter of the law; and he illustrated this truth by a reference to the case of

David, who, when fleeing with his companions from the wrath of Saul, came weary and hungry to the house of God at Nob, and obtained from Ahimelech the high priest the shewbread to eat, which it was not lawful for any but the priests to partake of (see I Samuel 21: 1-6). He also called to their remembrance the fact that on the Sabbath day the priests in the temple broke the strict letter of the law, and yet were held blameless, doing work which it would have been unlawful for any others to do, namely killing, preparing, and burning the beasts, which were offered up in sacrifice upon the altars of God's holy house. It is, therefore, evident that, in certain cases of necessity, ceremonial observances may be set aside without guilt, and further that, for good and reasonable convenience, the strict letter of the law need not necessarily bind men (a principle that all laws properly admit of); and it was on such grounds that our Savior held his disciples blameless for plucking the ears of corn on the Sabbath day. It was also on the Sabbath day that our Lord healed a man with a withered hand. St. Matthew tells us that the Jews put to him the question, whether it was lawful to perform this work of healing on that day, to which he replied by pointing out that there was not one among his questioners who would not lay hold of a sheep which had fallen into a pit on the Sabbath day, and lift it out; and he added these words, "How much then is a man better than a sheep? wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days." (Matthew 12: 9-11).

These instances fully exemplify the spiritual truth, that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, by exhibiting to us that, inasmuch as our Heavenly Father desires our welfare in all things, and has framed his laws for our good, everything that pertains to our true well-being must be as lawful on the Sabbath day as on any other; but with all this, we should ever keep in mind the main purpose of the Sabbath, and avoid devoting it to our self-interests and our pleasures, and even to the otherwise necessary labors of life. All works of sympathy, usefulness, and love, become lawful, notwithstanding that they may partly interfere with the appointed rest of the Sabbath; such for instance as teaching in Sunday schools, instructing children and those who are ignorant, visiting and assisting the widow, the fatherless, the



afflicted, the poor, and the needy. Such as these are acts of true mercy and righteousness, which are far more acceptable to our Father, than all the merely external compliances with the duties of religion: and we are taught in such passages of Scripture as the following, that God delights more in the inward spirit of benevolence and charity, than in the bare outward observances of the law: "To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice." (Proverbs 21: 3). "For I desired mercy and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings." (Hosea 6: 6). "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." (I Samuel 15: 22). These texts seem to indicate clearly, that all our sacrifices and religious duties without love and obedience are powerless, if not hypocritical.

It would, of course, be impossible for any one to lay down explicit rules as to what one may or may not do lawfully on the Sabbath day, but if it is our real and earnest desire to observe that day in a manner pleasing to our Father, it ought not to be difficult to bring ourselves into harmony with his mind and will on the subject; always remembering to ask him for that wisdom, which St. James informed us he would invariably give liberally, and without upbraiding, provided we asked for it in faith, nothing wavering. All acts of benevolence, love, goodness, and usefulness are lawful upon the Sabbath day, even should they take us away for a time from prayer, the study and contemplation of the Scriptures, and other objects for which that day was instituted: but it is certainly opposed, both to the letter and to the spirit of God's commandment, to devote the Sabbath, in any measure, to amusements, entertainments, or other purposes which may distract us from the object for which we have received this incalculable gift of the Sabbath day; namely, to assist us, in these our earthly pilgrimages, to find the "Eternal City" beyond.

It has been said by a well-known writer (Dr. Sumner, formerly Bishop of Chester) that there was no surer test of the spiritual state than the degree of esteem in which the Sabbath was held; and I think there can be no doubt of the correctness of that view, because we find that God blesses those who keep the Sabbath, and

extends to them his favor at all times. "Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil." (Isaiah 56: 2). "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." (Isaiah 58: 13-14).

Thus, by an honest and conscientious observance of the Sabbath day, the spiritual life is strengthened and built up, and the blessings and favors of God our Father are vouchsafed to us. But let us remember that we are not entitled to devote the Sabbath to any secular purpose, and that if we do so, we do it at our peril.

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### PRAYER.

FOR THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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Prayer is the safe-guard of the soul,  
Enriched by love divine;  
And blest is he or she who holds  
This treasure most sublime.

—GEORGE W. CROCHERON.

## THE CASTLE BUILDER.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "MARCUS KING,  
MORMON," ETC.

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### PART SECOND.

#### I.

##### NEW CONDITIONS—REMINISCENT.

The rain came in great gushes from the storm clouds as they were driven inland from the sea. It spluttered down the tin pipes from the roofs, and filled the gutters with a brown flood. Quite a number of people on the street had been caught unawares, and were making rapid strides for shelter. Among them was Harald Einersen, Head Master in the West Akerby school. He, it seems, was rather more amused than annoyed over the fact that he had left his umbrella at home and was now getting a good soaking. His fur cap soon became heavy, and the drops of water trickled down to the lowest point of his closely-trimmed beard. The gas lamps, on the corner of the side-street up which he turned, cast their reflections on the wet stone pavement. The pools shone with light, at the corner, but some distance away from the well-lighted windows of the business block, the mud resumed its natural, black color. Climbing up a number of steps, cut into the natural ledge of the hill, he soon turned into the hall of a house which stood on an elevation overlooking the town on one side, and the sea on the other.

He stamped vigorously in the hall, and as he was hanging up his soaked coat and cap, a door opened and let in a stream of light.

"Is that you, Einersen?" some one asked.

"What isn't washed away. That is what I call rain." Harald

stepped into the dining room, where Mrs. Jacobsen scolded him for not taking his umbrella. He took it all good naturedly, and smiled the while—smiled in a way which indicated that something was to be covered up by it.

"Had it been in Bergen, now, I might have caused a runaway," said he.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know that in Bergen, when the horses see a man without an umbrella, they think him some strange object, get frightened, and run away!"

Mrs. Jacobsen did not deign to encourage this levity, so she made no reply, but busied herself with the table.

"I do not wish for any supper to night, explained Harald. "I had lunch down town, not long ago. If there's a fire, I'll go into my room straightway; all right, thank you."

His room was warm and cosy. The lamp was burning low on the table. He turned it up to a full blaze, then closed the shutters. He heard the rain beat against the glass. Then, drawing his chair up to the stove, he leaned his elbow on the table, took an envelope from his pocket, and drew from it a letter, which he read carefully. Then folding it again, he replaced it in the envelope which he put into his pocket. He then opened the top door of the stove, and sat for a long time intently looking at the red coals. Another act in his life's drama was about to close. Soon, the curtain would fall. Well, perhaps the act just played had been long enough, and it was time for a change. For nearly four years Harald Einersen had lived at Akerby; two years of that time, as a grade teacher, and nearly two years as Head Master; but now he had resigned, because his resignation had been expected, and the letter in his pocket stated that his services would not be needed longer, after the end of the term—and for this state of affairs, he could give thanks to his one-time acquaintance, the Reverend A. Bange who had recently been appointed to the district of Akerby, Southern Norway.

Harald felt in reminiscent mood. It was a good time for stock-taking, so he went back to his boyhood days at Opdal, and lived again in memory its hardships and pleasures. Then the moving to Nordland, and his fishing at Lofoten. One week of



bright, summer weather at Sandstad was overflowing with remembrances. Then his second year at Lofoten, his saving, his pinching to gather money. Then his four long years of school life, breaking off his studies each year to catch cod with the Lofoten fleet. Oh, the joy, the hardships of those years! At times, how short; at other times, how long and painful! But at last, the final examinations and his diplomas! He remembered how that on the day after he received it, he sold enough of his personal property to buy a steamboat ticket to Vangen. He walked up to Opdal. It was in the month of June, and the woods were delightful. He found his grandmother residing with his father. She was on her death bed, but when she saw Harald come in, she raised up from her pillow, took his head between her thin hands and pressed it down on her shoulder. Then Harald produced his diploma, a large sheet which made a creaking noise when he unrolled it, and showed it to her. She understood in a minute what it was, though she could read only the large, printed words. Grandmother was satisfied. A few days thereafter, she died.

And then he obtained the school at Akerby, and did so well in his work that he was promoted to Head Master.

Harald arose from his seat, poked the fire, then aimlessly rearranged some books on the table. A violin hung on the wall. He took it down, tightened some of its strings, scraped the bow across it a number of times, then replaced it. On the wall hung an old-fashioned clock, whose weights reached to the floor. He pushed the heavier weight up, then returned to his chair by the stove.

So far he had realized every proper ambition of his life—save one—and they had been many. He now smiled at some of them, simple, childish castles, which had long since been built, then torn down to make room for others, statelier, grander. These were some of them: to get away from herding sheep; to get enough to eat; to have a suit of clothes made by a tailor; to become a fisherman; to be able to handle a boat in a storm; to be master and owner of a boat at Lofoten, (this latter he could have been, as he had money enough to purchase one); to make his grandmother comfortable; to become a schoolmaster; to—well, no; one castle was yet unbuilt. The foundation stones had been

laid long years ago, and he had yet hopes that under the rank, dead grass that covered them, there still lay the solid rocks fit to bear a beautiful superstructure.

Harald's eyes wandered from the fire, and rested upon a photograph standing on his table. He moved it into a better light, and then steadily looked at it. It was the same Thora Bernhard that he had seen years ago, but now a woman in very deed. The face was fuller, but there were the same large eyes, full, shapely mouth, wavy hair, and sweet, sad expression. Her signature was underneath, dated at Paris. That little trip to Nordland, eight years ago, had only been the initiative, for Thora had traveled the world over, since. She had written to him, telling of the sights in other lands. He had answered, informing her of his progress at school. She had appeared pleased at the good news. On three occasions when he had been at Opdal, Thora had been away from home, so he had not seen her. Once, when she was at Bergen, he had made an effort to meet her, but he imagined that she wished to evade him; so from that time on, he was very careful. Her last letter bore a date two years old, but the photograph had been received less than a year ago. The signature bore proof that she was yet Miss Thora Bernhard; and, as he gazed intently at it under the lamplight on his table, bright, beautiful hope swelled anew within his heart.

The postman's knock aroused Harald, and he went to the door. In his mail was a letter from Nordland, from Uncle Erik. It recounted, first of all, that the season had been cold; the hay had barely been saved, and the barley had to be cut green. Last season's fishing, at Lofoten, however, had been good. Uncle Erik was not well enough to go, but his boats had done well. Dagmar was happily married, and lived in Maria's former home. Maria still lived with father and mother, and the children were growing big and wise.

So, cousin Dagmar was married at last! Well, she had been long enough about it. Married happily—good for Dagmar; she deserved a good husband. And they now lived in Maria and Johan's cosy house, under the cliffs. He remembered the picture that had formed itself in his mind the day that he had sailed across the fjord with Dagmar, and he smiled at the remembrance..

Castle-building was such a pleasant occupation, anyway. What if all did not reach completion, or the stage of realization. Material for more was unlimited, and it cost nothing, save the pleasing task of gathering; and so, true to this theory, Harald, as he reviewed the photograph before him, built another castle.

Thora stood in the doorway looking down the road for his coming. Her beautiful hair hung in two long braids down her shoulders—that was to please him. The white apron was a sign that dinner was ready. The house was a low, wooden structure, one of those airy, summer buildings which the well-to-do Norwegians were building, adorned with many projections and odd carvings. At the rear stood the unbroken pine forest. In the foreground was a small patch of grass, with a path leading down from the door to the road which skirted the edge of the fjord.

Mrs. Jacobsen knocked at his door, and the picture vanished. Would he not have some coffee, bread and butter, before he went to bed? but he declined, with thanks, much to his good landlady's disappointment. He replenished the fire, and then made an effort to look over some affairs pertaining to his school work; but his mind wandered. Why had Pastor Bange again crossed his path? He entertained an aversion for the man, ever since their meeting at Lofoten, and it seemed that the pastor had neither forgotten nor forgiven Harald for the stand he had taken that day at his cousin's burial. There would be no use in resenting the pastor's interference—Harald knew that to be useless. The best thing to do was to resign as gracefully as possible, which he had done. Perhaps he had been unwise in the active part he had taken in politics during the past year. Perhaps, also, he had expressed his religious views rather freely, for his own worldly good, at least. Certainly, he neither could nor would change his most sacred beliefs in the hopes of worldly preferment or gain. He had been compelled, because of his position, to present, at least, an outward form of orthodoxy, but had often of late, asked himself if he were doing right, even in that, when at heart he did not believe in many of the creeds and practices of the state religion. Many times Johan Bernsen's definition of religion came to him, and especially since he had become better acquainted with the laws of nature as revealed in the arts and sciences. Perhaps, after all, it was

well that he was to get out of the teaching profession. A man had no business to teach something which he, himself, did not thoroughly believe.

Did the face, in the picture before him, smile? Harald Einersen, your imagination is very vivid to night. He went out. The rain had ceased. A steamer, all aglow with lights, was sailing across the bay. The town below him had grown quiet. The strong wind blew, and the waves were heard beating against the rocks below. Harald looked up into the sky. The clouds were scurrying by, now and then revealing patches of deep blue. Up towards the zenith he beheld the Polar star immovably fixed in the heavens, shining brightly and steadily, bringing to his mind Thora, and her words uttered that night on the fjord in Nordland.

## II.

### HARALD DREAMS,—AN INTERVIEW WITH PASTOR BANGE.

Harald Einersen's dreams did not end with the day. It was towards midnight when he fell asleep, and then he had a strange dream. He thought he stood on a hill overlooking a wide, green valley. As he gazed, wondering where he was, his grandmother came up the grassy slope towards him. There was nothing strange in the meeting, but it seemed that there had been no long separation. She spoke very earnestly, somewhat in her old manner, bidding him always defend the right and honor the truth, no matter how difficult the task might seem. Then what appeared to be another woman came up the hill. She had in her arms shoots, and roots of flowers and shrubbery, which, when she reached Harald, she placed on the ground. She approached him, took both his hands in hers, leaned over and touched her lips to his cheek; then picking up her plants again, she disappeared. Then he knew that his mother had kissed him. After this, Johan Bernsen came in sight, and following him, other men and women, whom he did not know. These did not climb the hill, but pursued their journey down the valley. Johan waved his hand towards Harald as he passed. Men continued to come faster and faster, more



and more, great crowds of them, till they seemed to fill the valley. He looked and beheld the multitude reach to the horizon. Still they came, thousands, millions of them. The sight filled him with awe! The men were strong and stalwart, many of them with beards and long hair. The women were also wonderfully robust and beautiful, their hair falling in waves over their shoulders. The whole throng reminded him of the picture he had seen of his forefathers, the Vikings, as they appeared unequipped for war. As the throngs surged onward, Harald retreated further up the hill, fearful that he would be trampled underfoot.

"Fear not," said a voice at his side, and there stood his father, "these are Norsemen, your ancestors and mine, brave, noble and virtuous. They lived according to the light which God gave to them, and that is all any of us can do."

Harald awoke with the morning, and with the announcement from his landlady that his coffee was ready. He drank his coffee as usual, from the small table at his bedside, and sipped it with his pieces of cut sugar—but the dream remained with him all the day.

When it became known that the Head Master of West Akerby School was about to resign his position, speculation became rife as to the reason. Mr. Einersen had certainly done his duty. He was well liked, both by teachers and students. His political friends especially asked him what was the cause of his action, but they received no satisfactory reply. The fact was that Harald himself was not sure of the cause of his removal. He knew that Pastor Bange was implicated, but to what extent he did not know. He made up his mind not to make a stir about it—the change would give him a rest, and a chance, perhaps, at other labor—but for his own satisfaction, he desired to know the status of his case. He would go to Pastor Bange and ask.

Harald no sooner came to this conclusion than he acted. The lamps were being lighted in the streets when he rang the bell at the parsonage. He had visited there many times when the former pastor was its occupant, but this visit was his first since Pastor Vaag had removed. A girl came to the door and ushered him into the stuffy little room in which the provider for men's souls received his visitors. The girl lighted a hanging-lamp and went about her duties.

Harald seated himself on a very much-worn sofa. On the wall opposite hung a picture which had always given him the shivers. It represented Christ on the cross. The crown of thorns was piercing the flesh, and streams of blood were flowing down the face. Ah, what an expression of horror the artist had concentrated in that face! How could people tolerate such alleged art in their best room!

The door quietly opened, and Pastor Bange stepped in. The clergyman had aged considerably since his Nordland experience, but his face still bore that sanctimonious smile so characteristic of many preachers. The lips and chin were clean-shaven. The hair was thick, long, and mixed with gray. Two straggling tufts reached down upon each round, sleek cheek.

Harald arose, and the pastor shook his hand, smiling placidly all the while, his teeth gleaming in the lamp-light. Harald sat down, and the pastor rested in a chair by the table under the lamp.

"You are looking well, Pastor Bange," said Harald. He saw no use in being too blunt. "Nordland must have agreed with you."

"I try to make any part of the Lord's vineyard, to which his pleasure calls me, agreeable with me," was the reply.

"Very sensible, that," said Harald. "In life's various up's and down's, it is a blessing to be able to adjust one's self to each change."

"Yes; and a change is oftentimes for the best." Harald thought he detected a little aggressiveness in his tone, so he was reserved no longer.

"What I came to see you about, Pastor Bange, is this resignation which I have been asked to hand in. I'm not going to find fault with it at all, as I intended not to teach much longer, anyway; but you know, folks will talk—while I believe I have given satisfaction to most of our people—yet, for my own assurance, I should like to know."

The pastor said nothing, but his smile was as bland as ever.

"You know something about it, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said the pastor.

"You had something to do with it?"

"Yes, I had something to do with it."

"And what is the fault? may I ask?"

"Well, Mr. Eisersen, I wish to be plain with you. It is part of my duty you know, to look after the educational interests of the people in my parish. I must see that the pure principles of Christianity are taught in our schools; and if I am anything of a shepherd of the fold of Christ, I must see that wolves are driven away."

"I am a wolf, then?"

"Ah, no; that was a mere figure, you understand. I wouldn't say that, but your Christian teaching, I mean your teaching of our holy religion, has never been very strong—it has been very weak, in fact, and there is always danger of our children drifting into heresies, or even into infidelity, altogether, if we are too loose in this respect."

"Have I been teaching heresies?"

"Yes."

"I am not aware of it. Will you please explain?"

"Yes, I will. You remember sometime ago in the class in physics, you were talking about the qualities of matter—you remember, don't you?"

"I remember, very well."

"You said that matter could not be destroyed—it could only be changed in form."

"The text-book said that."

"Well; then one of the students asked how it is that, if matter could not be destroyed, it could be created. You, if I am informed rightly, explained that matter is equally uncreatable as it is indestructible. You said that substance is eternal. Then the boy—you remember him—said that he had learned in his catechism that God created the world out of nothing. Whereupon, you explained that the Bible did not teach that—it was merely the catechism."

It was Harald's turn to smile at the recollection of the event which the pastor had narrated correctly enough.

"Of course, Pastor Bange, that was the only thing in reason that I could say."

"You implied that the catechism was wrong."

"Certainly; when it came to a conflict between the catechism and the text-book on science, I decided in favor of the text-book."

"But the catechism teaches our children the Christian religion, and when you deride it, you weaken the faith of the learners."

"But I could not knowingly teach an untruth for all that."

"Teach an untruth! Don't you believe in the holy scriptures?"

"I do; but the scriptures nowhere teach that God made the world out of nothing. There's a Bible. Show me?"

"No; we'll not discuss the matter further."

The pastor arose and walked to his desk in the corner; but Harald remained seated. Pastor Bange saw that he was not going, so returned to the seat by the table. He kept his composure very well.

"That, Mr. Einersen, is but a sample of your unorthodox teachings. I don't say that you have meant any harm in it, but I will say that I consider it very unwise to keep you in your present position as Head Master of West Akerby School." The movement of the lips was meant for a smile.

"Well, Pastor Bange, I am pleased that you have spoken so plainly to me, and now while we are about it, I may as well speak plainly, too—I hope you will not leave"—but the pastor simply arose to adjust the lamp-wick—"I want you to understand me, so that, if in the future we ever have dealings with each other, there will be a mutual understanding."

"Yes," and the preacher clasped his hands piously in front of him.

"I claim to be a Christian, continued the school-master. I believe in Christ. I believe in the Bible, though there are many things there I cannot understand. I believe there are many good doctrines taught by the Evangelical Lutheran Church. I also believe there are many truths in the Methodist church, in the Baptist church, and, in fact, in all churches. I am broad-minded enough not to judge other men's faiths. I am liberal, enough, thank God, to allow all men a right to their beliefs. I never want to become so bigoted that I would deprive a fellow-being of a Christian burial, for instance"—the pastor did not wince at the



thrust—"I am willing to accept truth from whatever source it comes—I hope I shall be ever willing to discard all error, when my reason decides that it is error. As to saying that the Lutheran church is a repository of all God's truth, that is ridiculous. The church teaches—mind you, I do not say the Scriptures—many things that I have my doubts about. So, Pastor Bange, from your standpoint, I suppose you are justified in using your influence in having me removed from my position."

"Are you through?"

"Yes; I am through."

"Then you'll excuse me, I know. I have an appointment in twenty minutes to preach at a missionary meeting, down in Strand street."

Both arose, and Harald hastened out. The self-contained old priest smiled at him from the doorway, as he proceeded down the path.

Harald did not go home. The evening was pleasant. The winter air was crisp. The fog had lifted, and, on such nights, he took delight in viewing the harbor or strolling along the strand, out from the town. Tonight, his desire for a walk was strong, so he swung briskly down *Storgaden*, across the market place, to the opening by the wharves. Here a fisher woman was swinging her arms to keep warm, and was trying to dispose of her last cod at sacrifice prices. Harald knew all the fisherwomen, for, during the day, there were many of them, and he usually stopped to chat with them; but this one lone woman out in the cold, attracted him especially that night.

"Good evening, mother," he said, as he approached her, "haven't you sold out yet?"

"Not yet, professor," said the woman, with a curtesy.

The school master took up two cod fish from the woman's barrow, all she had.

"Pretty fine fish," he said, "but I have caught better ones—How much are they worth?"

"I paid twenty-five *ore* each for them. You may have them for that, seeing they are the last, and I can't keep them over."

"All right, here's your money. Now pack up, and go home."

The woman willingly did so, after she had wrapped the fish in

a newspaper and handed them to the purchaser. Then she trudged off with her barrow. Harald followed her, until she had passed the market square, and then he stopped her.

"Here, mother, how often do you eat fresh fish?"

"Not very often, sir."

"Well, I can't cook these fish, and I haven't a wife to cook them for me, so I'll give them to you, if you will promise not to go back and try to sell them again, but take them home and eat them yourself."

The woman looked at him and hesitated. Then she promised, taking the fish with apologies and profuse thanks.

"Tut, tut," said the school master, "have a good supper tonight, and be sure you take out the livers and make *molje* for the children."

Harald went on down the street towards the water. "It was worth fifty *ore*," he said to himself "to get such a look from a woman's eyes, as that fisherwoman gave me."

A Salvation Army lass sold him a *War Cry*. As he looked under the ugly poke bonnet at the pretty face of the girl, the thought came to Harald that here was a brave soul. Indifferent to the scorn of the world, she went about doing her duty, as she understood it. Would Pastor Bange, would he, himself, do as much? Yet Pastor Bange would say that she was a poor, deluded soul, and Harald, also, was in danger of judging her.

As he neared the water where the warehouses were located, a strong odor of roasted coffee reached him. He hurried by, as the smell was never agreeable to him. As he passed "The Sailor's Home," he heard a merry company within: the sailor was on land again. Then he strode out on the open beach, where he loved to walk. He enjoyed feeling the firm yet yielding sand under his feet. Cliffs arose on one side; the water stretched far away on the other—and he was between. The rocks, immovable, bold, resisting; the sea, endless, powerful, restless. Here the elements displayed their majesty and power. The sea waged eternal warfare, yet the cliff laughed only, or roared, according to the fury of the onslaught. "Give me time," said the sea, "and I will conquer you—I will grind you to atoms, and give you to the winds, or line my own bed with you—just give me time." But what then? Would the mountain be destroyed? Only the form; the material would be there. The

earth might melt with fervent heat; the ocean be turned into mist; the whole globe might be ground into dust, yet the dust would be somewhere. 'Yet the world was made out of nothing—*made out of nothing!*' Harald laughed aloud at such heights of absurdity.

His mind reverted to the interview with Pastor Bange. What a smooth man the pastor was; how strange that nearly all preachers whom he had known partook somewhat of the same bland nature! Why should ministers of the gospel dress, and talk, and act, as if they belonged to another caste? Why should the study of religion make men foolish or unnatural? Better, then, return to the ancient, heathen worship of the forefathers. Their religion made them, at least, strong, and brave, and just, while the products of modern Christianity were, to an alarming extent, dull, and weak, and immoral.

Harald had never delved very deeply into religion. True, he had taken the usual superficial course of Biblical theology, but any profound thought he had never bestowed upon it. As he remembered, perhaps the nearest to that was when he sat with his grandmother reading the Bible for her. At confirmation, the principal impression was that, if he passed, he would be through with the priest. His later school studies had been mostly of a secular nature. Yet Harald had a strong religious disposition, perhaps, more after the manner of that expressed by his cousin Johan than that exhibited by the clergy of the day.

As Harald went homeward, he passed through Strand street. As he neared the mission church there, he remembered that Pastor Bange was to preach. The church was full of people, and Harald slipped in, and stood by the door. An unusual occasion must have brought together the unusually large crowd. Pastor Bange was summing up his arguments which, Harald learned, were against certain heresies, that had lately crept into their midst. The most dangerous of these doctrines was that of hope for the departed, who have died unrepentant; that is, salvation for the dead. "We have nothing in Holy Writ to justify us in the belief that those who do not come to Christ in this life will ever have a chance in the life to come." "We have nothing here," and the pastor closed his Bible with a slam. "We have nothing here inspiring the belief that the heathen will be saved, but we have many words of God which dis-

tinctly doom them to the everlasting torments of hell—let us pray.”

A shudder went through Harald. He stood perfectly still, staring straight at the preacher, hearing every word of that prayer, which was:

*“We thank thee, O Lord, that we know there is no salvation for the dead; that in this life only, we have hope of salvation; that now is the accepted time of grace; that the gates of heaven are now open day and night—yea, wide open and the sinner may freely come to thee. Yea, Lord, we thank thee that we are not tempted to sin now, by believing that there is hope beyond the grave. Help us, O Lord, to love thee for this, and give thy name the praise and honor. Amen.”*

Some deep feeling of the heart was touched in Harald Eiersen. He could not analyse it. He could not describe it, but he knew its chief element was *resentment*. All else was chaos. He hardly knew how he reached home that night.

*(To be continued.)*

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## KNOW THYSELF.

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We live in a superficial age, and hurry along in a happy-go-lucky way, ignorant or heedless of the capacities of our minds and bodies. The precocious youth, the boy or girl of average intelligence, or the dunce, should alike study his own strength, his weakness, his likes, his dislikes, his bent. “Know thyself,” was spoken of old at Delphi; and, though the oracle has long been mute, the words are of eternal significance. No better advice was ever given to man. Philosophy finds its highest province in the study of our own natures. Knowledge thus gained, and that alone, will teach the round boy to avoid the square holes as he would shun falsehood and dishonor. It has been well said that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.—*Success.*



## SOME FEATURES OF JAPANESE LIFE.

BY ELDER ALMA O. TAYLOR, MISSIONARY TO JAPAN.

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*(Concluded.)*

Being left alone for some hours, we had a chance to reflect a little on the change that had come to us, and to observe more closely the peculiar arrangement of our room. The presence of a table and three chairs robbed our apartment of the typical appearance of an ideal Japanese room; and a large carpet, lying loosely on the floor, concealed from view the grass mats so common in every house. In one corner of the room, stood a small clothes-chest, not more than three feet high, containing two shelves and one drawer, which we found insufficient to hold our clothing, let alone the books and other trinkets belonging to our list of chattels. Add to this a small fire-box, and a set of tea dishes, and the furniture is complete. A white linen cloth covered the table, and in the centre there was a beautiful boquet of chrysanthemums, the flower for which Japan is famous. The door and window frames were very low, and, in fact, the ceiling was only about nine feet from the floor, which height is quite sufficient for the Japanese, but so odd to us that we felt almost like we were in a child's play-house, or in the land of the Lilliputs. The Japanese idea of decorative art is very simple, and, to the eyes of the foreigner, plain and uninteresting. Pictures have little fascination as wall ornaments, consequently framed paintings and enlarged photographs are seldom used to give attractiveness to the interior view. A poetic sentiment written on a plain piece of white paper, by a Chinese pen artist, and a roll of silk cloth whereon is painted two quarreling birds, were the only adornments on our walls. But in spite of the absence of those things which make foreign homes attractive, we were content and happy, for everything was new and clean. The warm rays of the midday sun

streamed in through the window and cheered our hearts until we felt to thank God for directing us to so favorable a place.

It is the custom in our hotel to provide the baths in the afternoon at two or three o'clock, and as the Japanese are very particular about the cleanliness of their own persons, they also take a great interest in providing for their guests. There is only one bath connected with this place. As the man is the nobler sex, he generally takes his bath first, according to his rank or dignity. Evidently, we were looked upon as the most dignified persons in the hotel, as the maid came to our room at about three o'clock and informed us by signs and motions, (for we could not understand what she said) that the water was now hot, and would we please bathe first?

I had heard considerable about Japanese baths, and, in fact, while in Yokohama, bathed in one a time or two. In my estimation, the bath-rooms in first-class Japanese houses are far superior to those found in American or European homes, not because of the costliness of the tubs or the elaborate finish of the rooms, but because of their simplicity and convenience. Were I asked to name one luxury in Japanese life, I should say, without exception, the bath stands foremost. Out of the few bathing apartments that I have seen, the one connected with this place is the best. It is divided by sliding-doors into two sections, one for a dressing-room and the other for the tub and bathing utensils. The tub is square, and perhaps four feet long, three feet wide, and three feet deep; made of two inch plank, and scrubbed so thoroughly that it always looks as if the carpenter had just finished its construction. In one end, there is an oblong copper stove which occupies about a foot of space, thus making the bather's portion three feet square. The stove is surrounded by wooden slats to protect the bather's body from coming in contact with the heated metal. The tub is first filled with cold water, then a charcoal fire is started in the stove, which heats the water to whatever temperature is desired. The tub is built in the corner of the room, and the mouth of the stove opens in the adjoining room where a servant is stationed to regulate the fire. It requires from an hour to an hour and a half to heat the water to the temperature used by the natives—about one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, at any rate, so hot

that we are unable to endure it without first turning in considerable cold water. There is one other small tub, and several wooden vessels, in the room, all of which come in handy during the bath. The floor is of wood, and so constructed that it drains the water into a small trough, through which it is conducted into one of the drainage ditches so common in Japan. The floor of the dressing-room is covered with matting, and, as hooks are scarce, the floor is also used as a clothes-rack. The window is of glass, and without stain or curtain; consequently, the bather is more or less exposed to the view of the servants who are continually passing along the path just outside. But nudeness has no attraction in Japan, being, as one writer has expressed it, "seen, but not looked at." Families of the high and middle classes keep a special female servant to look after the bath-room, and they consider it quite impossible to bathe successfully without the assistance of this servant, who waits on the men as well as the women. The feelings of the "Mormon" elders regarding this habit, are too well-known to need mention here; suffice it to say, that we gave orders, through Mr. Hiroi, to the landlord and servants that we must be allowed to bathe alone. The perplexed look that came over the landlord's face, when we made this announcement, was, indeed, amusing. Having had a maid wash his back all his life, he did not see how we would be able to get ourselves clean without assistance, but we told him that we had been educated in such matters, so it was proclaimed on the house-tops that the foreigners could wash their own backs.

Though rid of this evil, the thoughts of appearing before an open window in a nude condition, were not the most pleasant, and, at my first trial, I paused for a moment, feeling half inclined to back out, but knowing that I would have to come to it, sooner or later, I undressed, trusting to good luck to keep anyone from passing while I was thus engaged. The fates, however were against me, for the maids passed to and fro in rapid succession, keeping me continually on the dodge to get out of sight. A time or two, I lay down on the floor, from which position I arose cautiously for fear of coming in contact with the stray glances of someone else. These recurring interruptions prevented me from enjoying myself as I have done since, overcoming the timidity that characterized my first attempt.

As the same water is used by all the bathers, it is quite necessary that a different system to the one used in European lands be adopted. The bather ladles his body with soap and water, washing himself thoroughly before getting into the tub; thus each person enters the bath already clean, to enjoy what may well be called "the luxury of a good boiling." Here the bather soaks for some minutes, after which, if he desires, he cools off by using the hose attached to the tap to spray the cold water over his body. Stepping from the main floor onto an elevated platform, near the entrance to the dressing-room, he dries himself, after enjoying, what I consider, one of the best home baths known to mankind. It is a recreation and sport to which I now look forward with considerable pleasure. The room being built as it is, there is no restriction as to how the water is splashed, or how much of it is used, and all objections to so many bathing in the same water are removed, when the above system of washing is observed; and it is known that the Japanese take a great pride in the appearance of their skin, bathing every day, and, in some districts, two, three, and even four times a day, until it is truthfully said, "A Japanese crowd is the sweetest in the world." When I had finished bathing, and reported to my companion the difficulty I had had trying to wash and keep out of sight at the same time, he decided to defer this feature of his initiation till the following day.

Towards evening, we began to feel drowsy, and our heads had a peculiar tight feeling, as if we were going to have the headache. An investigation as to what caused the same sensations to be felt by us both, led us to notice the gassy smell coming from our charcoal stoves. The system of heating in Japanese houses is very crude. One of the first things noticed by a foreigner, is the absence of chimneys on the houses. The fires make no smoke, consequently piping is not used to conduct to the outside the fumes arising from the burning fuel. The stoves used are nothing more than small boxes, or jars; some made of wood, lined with metal, others of metal entirely, and still others of potter's clay. In these stoves, or "hibachi" as they are called, a fire is made consisting of four or five small pieces of charcoal which slowly smoulder away to ashes; and, as the top of the stoves are entirely open, the gas from the coal passes freely into the room. The art



of arranging the charcoal so that from a tiny spark a good fire will result, is one that requires experience and skill. The colder the day, the more "hibachi" have to be used, and the more gas the people inhale into their lungs. There are forty million people in Japan, and it is practicable to say, that they all use this same heating apparatus, and still enjoy health, in spite of the general idea among foreigners that the charcoal stoves are productive of evil. Perhaps the reason more sickness does not result from such a thing is, that the houses are open nearly all day, both summer and winter, and the abundance of fresh air overcomes the poisons in the gas. It is quite an odd sight to see six or eight persons squatted on the floor, around one of these fire-boxes, holding their hands over the glowing coals, yet never thinking of the cold breeze blowing in on their backs. Not being accustomed to the exposure to which the people here are used, we cannot endure, at this time of the year, the large amount of fresh air allowed to come into the rooms of the natives. Again, not having grown up with coal fumes surrounding us continually, we experience disagreeable effects from the gas, not noticed by those around us. Although, at this writing, we have become more accustomed to the gas, yet, if confined to our rooms for many hours at a time, we suffer from slight headaches as at first.

The peculiar feelings that we noticed coming over us, continued to increase until our eyelids grew heavy and our heads throbbed slightly. The gas was slowly putting us to sleep. As the evening was nearly gone, we rang for beds in which to rest our weary bones, and dream of how we used to live.

The Japanese bed is very simple, and needs but little description. The floor is the bedstead; the grass mats, the spring; and, in place of mattresses, two "footons" (bedding that resembles ordinary quilts only that the "footon" is much thicker) form the under structure; while a little round sack, perhaps a foot long and six inches thick, stuffed with rice husks, and not much softer than a block of wood, serves as a pillow. An addition of as many "footons" as the temperature may require for the comfort of the occupant, completes the bed. The first "footon," used as a covering, is made after the style of a kimono, with sleeves and velvet collar. By wrapping up well in this, and then drawing the top

covers over, a person may be "as snug as a bug in a rug." Were I to express my feelings on this kind of comfort, I should say that I never slept better in my life, and I wish all the unfortunate poor could rest in such a warm and convenient bed. Alongside the bed of each person, there is placed a paper lantern from which the dull light of the flickering tallow-dip shines all night long. After invoking the blessings of Heaven upon us in our new home, we completed the lessons of the day by getting into our Japanese cradles on the floor, where sleep soon closed our eyes upon these scenes of the first twelve hours of real life in the Mikado's empire.

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### A PARABLE.

ILLUSTRATING A PRINCIPLE—PAY FOR EVERY WORK DONE VS.  
LIVING BY FAITH.

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At the close of the season's labor there cometh the servant to demand his wages of the master, and findeth him in the market place engaged upon business with strangers, but saith unto him, "Pay me now that which thou owest, for the time has come this very hour." Then said the master unto him, "Have I not always dealt generously with thee, and in the days of thine affliction did I not succor thee with gifts from my store house and field? Why then hast thou brought reproach upon me in a public place? Verily I say unto thee, that which thou hast before received shall be charged unto thee, and thou shalt have neither more nor less than thou hast earned!"

Then cometh other servants who, seeing their master from afar, saith one to another, "Behold our master is upon business of the kingdom; hath he not always dealt honorably with us? and our children are fed and clothed and we lack not bread,—let us return again to our labor, and in his own due time will the master recompense us according to his word."

Then they departed, but that night they sat at meat at the master's table, and when the feast was ended each man took with him in his hands, his wages, and wine, and oil and good gifts for his household.

—W. A. HYDE.

THE  
JAPANESE  
BATH.

ENJOYING  
THE  
LUXURY  
OF A  
GOOD  
BOIL-  
ING  
"風呂"  
6



THE FUTON<sup>6</sup> BED  
"敷物"  
6





## POETRY; IS IT OUT OF DATE?

BY BISHOP ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF SALT LAKE CITY.

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Is poetry out of date? An interesting query—answered in the affirmative by the author of the following paragraph, clipped from a Chicago paper, *The Welfare*, some time since, and sent by a friend to the present writer, with the request that he reply to it through one of the public prints:

### POETRY IS OUT OF DATE.

BY PROFESSOR OSCAR L. TRIGGS OF CHICAGO.

There is no great thought, no worthy emotion, which may not be better expressed in prose than in verse to-day. Verse was the primitive expression of man's thought. Rhythm was the characteristic of his first crude literary efforts. Homer, Dante and Shakespeare cast their thoughts and emotions in verse because the metrical form was the only adequate method of expression invented in their day. English prose has been developed to the point, however, where it is a finer, more subtle instrument of wider scope than English verse, and poetry's chief excuse for being has been destroyed.

Literary truth is truth to nature. Poetry is artificial and bears the deadly brand of insincerity in its form. The passing of the verse form is strikingly shown by the grip which Kipling has on the English speaking world. His poetry is the nearest approximation to ideal prose which I know, and I think his truth is the secret of his grip. Walt Whitman is a great literary power for the same reason. He evolved a style of verse which defied convention and sacrificed form to truth and effect. I would not decry the great singers of the centuries, but the poets of the twentieth century will follow Ruskin, Newman and Pater instead of Milton, Wordsworth or Keats.

The writer of the foregoing, in his use of the term poetry, means, of course, verse, metrical composition, and not the spirit of poesy, which inspires great thoughts and worthy emotions, which in turn clothe themselves in poetic forms and are called poetry. But had he contended that that spirit is out of date, as well as the verse forms in which it is generally clothed, he would have been quite as

near the truth, in my opinion, as he is in the argument advanced.

The poetic spirit and the practical spirit are not necessarily foes, implacable, irreconcilable; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the present perverted operations of those spirits, due to the sordid inclinations of a material age, and to the imperfect conceptions formed on both sides of the question, as to the true mission and purpose of such agencies in the world, are essentially antagonistic to each other. Poetry, art, and religion, are popularly supposed to represent the ideal exclusively—something impractical and of no particular use, of secondary importance at best; while commerce, science, politics, and such like factors and forces, represent the practical or real. Being “of the earth earthy,” appealing primarily to the stomach and the pocket (and to these alone in the minds of the shallow) the latter are more readily appreciated, are thought to be more useful, and are consequently more popular with the masses and with many of the classes of mankind. Commerce and politics “hold the fort;” they are of to-day; while poetry and religion are deemed to be of yesterday. My belief, however, is that they are not only of yesterday, but of to-day and forever. Nor would I place politics, commerce, or even war outside the pale of things useful in bringing about the grand result sought by the great and all-wise Engineer whose omnipotent, overruling hand rests upon the throttle-valve of the universe. Poets and financiers, ideologists and men of affairs, must take God into account, must know something of him and his purposes, before they can fully appreciate their gifts or put them to the best and wisest use; and the same may be said of those who deem it their province and privilege to pass judgment upon such things.

But let us meet Professor Triggs upon his own ground. He is a gentleman of learning and culture, a scholar and critic of repute. His opinions are therefore entitled to respect, howsoever we may disagree with them. He has lately shocked a large portion of the religious world by declaring that the time-honored hymns of Watts and Wesley are mere doggerel verse, and has made other startling suggestions at war with conventional and popular ideas and notions regarding poetry. I may remark in passing that I rather suspect he is more than half way right regarding some of the hymns he criticises so severely.

Hymns may be poems, however, even some of the hymns of Watts and Wesley; and certainly those of Cowper, Addison and Montgomery merit the distinction. The religious spirit they breathe is not fatal to such a claim, except in minds agnostic or ultra-unitarian. The same is true of the hymns of the Latter-day Saints, many of which, while they cannot be called high class poetry, have served the noblest and most useful purposes. "I am not highly educated," said John B. Gough, the famous temperance orator, to an American scholar—Wendell Phillips, I believe, "That is evident from your speech," was the reply; "but," added the mental giant, "the world is perhaps all the better for that." Hymns—which are prayers set to song—have saved souls, or ministered to that end. I doubt that Homer's *Iliad* or Shakespeare's plays—precious as they are—have done as much in that direction.

But to the theme proper. The Professor asserts that there is no great thought, no worthy emotion, which may not be better expressed in prose than in verse. This I deny. I do not believe that prose, however perfect, is a better medium of expression than poetry for the higher thoughts and emotions. On the contrary, I am convinced that it is the inadequacy of prose to express some thoughts and emotions, that renders poetry essential; and that its "chief excuse for being" has *not* been destroyed by the development of English prose to its present state of perfection.

As well might it be contended that the manufacture of business suits by some merchant tailor standing at the head of his craft, had been perfected to that degree that the full-dress suit, the army or navy uniform, the stage or court costume, or the sacerdotal robe, was no longer essential—was obsolete and out of date, having been superceded by the everyday apparel of the man of affairs. This would be democracy—verbal democracy with a vengeance—equal to the wholesale abolition of titles proposed by the revered Author of the Declaration.

Language is the clothing of thought, the apparel of ideas, and different suits of dress are no more desirable or necessary to men and women in society, in kitchen, parlor, cabinet, field or workshop, than are varied styles of expression to their diversified thoughts and feelings. The chit-chat of the street, the talk of the shop, though it often finds its way into the drawing-room, is just

as often out of place there, and is certainly not equal to the polite conversation that reigns there legitimately; nor is the conversation of the drawing-room usually equal to the diction of the editorial or magazine article, the erudite language of a lecture, or the impassioned periods of an oration—though one mind, pen or tongue, be the source of all. The lover, the patriot, the religious devotee, warmed and aroused, is not apt to express himself in the same moderate or lifeless manner as the blase frequenter of the too frequent ball or opera. As thought and feeling become more elevated or more intense, they naturally create for themselves higher and better forms of expression; and this is just as true of poetry as it is of conversation and oratory. Poetry is condensed oratory, and the best of oratory but diluted poetry.

Poetry is inherent in great thoughts and worthy emotions. It springs from them as Minerva from the brow of Jove. The spirit and gift of poesy are the parents of such thoughts and emotions. Poetry is the culmination and climax of verbal expression—the *ne plus ultra* of eloquence. There is nothing beyond it in the way of words. The higher the thought, the deeper the emotion, the more apt is it to break forth into poetry, to burst forth into song. There is no loftier spirit than that which brooded over the old Hebrew prophets, tuning their sublime harps to the music of the spheres and sending their great songs rolling like thunder peals down the centuries. Call it the Spirit of God, the spirit of poesy, or what you will, it is the same.

"All inmost things," says Carlyle, "are melodious; naturally utter themselves in song." "See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it." Poetry he calls "musical thought." One is a poet, he says, who reads a poem well, who enters into the spirit of it as zealously as did the author while composing it; who thrills or shudders at the portrayal, or the sentiment, as did the poet when the inspiration seized him. I may add that one who cannot do this, who cannot feel the divine afflatus, "the man that hath no music in his soul," whatever his ability otherwise, is an incompetent critic of poetry. We all know the fate of poetry when mere grammarians get to work upon it. Not every smart literary critic can



"mend with rapture what with fire was penned." Hardly less than the poet, is the judge of poetry—"born, not made."

But the Professor would probably say that Carlyle, in the lines quoted, is not referring exclusively to verse, but to poetic thought and possibly to poetic prose. Granted; but neither does he bar out verse, and contend, as the Professor does, that prose alone will answer every requirement in the premises. Moreover, my quotations are from Carlyle's lecture on "The Hero as Poet," and it is metrical, rhythmical language, the music of words as well as of thoughts, that the great man is considering.

While it is true that primitive man, unsophisticated, uncommercialized, in close touch with nature and the infinite, is poetic, it is equally true that the highest poetry is the product of culture and refinement, acting directly or indirectly upon and through the poet. Whatever his natural gifts, his inspiration, he must still have a pen, a vocabulary, and the skill and taste to use them. Professor Triggs would hardly contend that the inhabitants of the Stone Age, though they had their rhythmic chants and dances, conversed in tropes, ballads and sonnets habitually. "Purple and fine linen" were not the original materials of man's wearing apparel. Adam's "coat of skins" came before Joseph's "coat of many colors." The American Indian is innately poetic, is naturally eloquent, as is the aborigine of other lands; but these qualities differ in degree, according to the origin, descent and environment of these primitive peoples. The American Indian was not originally a barbarian. He is the legitimate though degenerate product of ages of civilization. In his veins, according to our "Mormon" view, runs the blood of the Hebrew prophets, the greatest poets of antiquity. But no untutored Indian could have written the Book of Job, the Psalms of David, or the prophecies of Isaiah. The authors of those sublime poems were not primitive men—savages and barbarians. Neither were Homer, Shakespeare and Dante. Of course, the Professor does not mean to imply that they were—does not mean to say that such poetry as theirs is crude and primitive. He "would not decry the great singers of the centuries." But he does say, in effect, that poetry as a whole is inferior, when compared with prose in its present perfected state.

This is where I take issue with him. I do not regard the prose

form as superior to the poetic. I do not think Homer, Shakespeare and Dante would read better if rendered into modern English by Ruskin, Pater or Newman, or by any prose writer of equal genius with themselves. I cannot believe that our heaven-inspired, soul-stirring hymns and anthems rest upon a false basis. I cannot believe that the mission of poetry is at an end. I cannot believe that all the songs and ballads of the future will be written in prose. To me, there is still force in Fletcher's wise saying, "Let me write the ballads of a people, and I care not who makes their laws."

While I am not a stickler for any particular form of verse, and believe that much that is old will pass, is passing, and has passed, I cannot concede that all that is old is unworthy of preservation or present use, and that the experience, arts and methods of the world's song-makers and versifiers count for nothing in the presence of Ruskin, Pater and Newman's "ideal prose." It is just as wise now as it was in Paul's day to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." At the same time, I do not contend that the old verse forms should prevail to the utter exclusion of the new.

I find no fault with that part of the Professor's argument which maintains that literary truth is truth to nature, and that artificiality and insincerity in poetry are passing. Let them pass; the sooner the better. "Ring out the false, ring in the true." But that all poetry is false, and only prose true, I cannot agree. To prove the opposite, let us take his favorite Kipling—not a great poet, but certainly a strong and brilliant one, whose verse is "the nearest approximation to ideal prose" that the Professor knows of, and whose "truth," he thinks, "is the secret of his grip." The highest point yet touched by Kipling is in his beautiful ode, the "Recessional:"

God of our fathers, known of old—  
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
 The Captains and the Kings depart—  
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard;  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy Mercy on thy people, Lord!  
Amen.

Does anyone believe that those inspired and inspiring stanzas, so clean cut and precise, so perfect in rhythm and rhyme, would sound better, be more impressive, or convey a clearer meaning, if recast and rendered into prose? Great and worthy as are the thoughts in themselves, is it not evident that they owe much of their power and effect to their expression in verse form? I care not how near Kipling shall approximate to "ideal prose," if he always gives us such poetry as that. English verse is in little danger of passing so long as it presents itself in such pleasing form. The "Recessional" is worth many times all the "Barrack Room Ballads," all the "Rimed Gossip" and "Rimed Fighting" that Kipling has produced; nor have I seen anything of his in prose that can compare with it.

And yet his verse forms are neither new nor original. "Indeed," says Walter Rice, "hardly one of his meters has an ascertained origin, but hearkens back to the days before written history or unchanted poetry. It requires no education of the ear to detect the stress in such songs as these; savages have been found without a belief in God, but none without knowing how to chant and dance, if only to the noise of sticks knocked together; our very hearts

keep such time. Universal acceptance of such work was, therefore, fairly inevitable."

This, while it sustains Professor Triggs in his affirmation as to the antiquity of verse and rhythm, is flatly contradictory of his assertion that poetry is out of date and passing, or in any danger of passing. It is one with the view of the present writer, that there is a virile virtue in verse that will perpetuate it. Before poetry can pass, the human heart must change—must lose its innate love of rhythm and cadence—the human heart, that pedestal of Homer's fame, that immovable basis of Shakespeare's overmastering triumph. "Our very hearts" beat time, and rhythmical language is not necessarily artificial and insincere. On the contrary, it is the true and appropriate form of expression for great thoughts and worthy emotions.

Mr. Rice continues as to Kipling: "He has emboldened the hearts of the singers of the day, even while he teaches a thoughtless and regardless world that poetry paves the one royal highway to the heart of man. For a generation the poet and the people have been growing far and farther apart. In Mr. Kipling they become united once more. He not only shows that they can be one, but he makes them one. This amounts to the discovery of a lost art. We learn that poetry can still make a universal appeal." In what way, then, does Kipling's grip "on the English-speaking world" prove that poetry—true poetry—is passing? It certainly will not pass as long as that "grip" continues to "hold its own." The secret of the success of Kipling's masterpiece, "The Recessional," is indeed its "truth"—truth of form as well as of sentiment and spirit. To teach and defend truth is the proper mission of poesy.

As to Walt Whitman (a truly great poet and masterly artist in the main) who "evolved a style of verse which defied convention and sacrificed form to truth and effect,"—is it not a fact that wherever he most shocks the reader, it is due to this very sacrifice of poetic form: a sacrifice not necessary to truth, except in its rudest phases, and not conducive to effect, save of a disagreeable kind? Whitman's crudities and commonplaces, his prosaic and almost slang utterances, are what mar his work and prevent much of it from being poetry. Such lines as, "I tucked my trousers in



my boot-tops and went and had a good time," might pass in one of Bret Harte's or Will Carleton's eccentric ballads, but would hardly be tolerated by Whitman's greatest admirers in a serious poet of less genius and repute. It is prose, pure and simple—whether ideal or commonplace, I leave the reader to determine.

Whitman's other improprieties—defended on the ground that nature is equally immodest, equally "regardless of observation"—are probably among the things that caused Carlyle to say what he did in praise of "the benignant efficacies of concealment" (*Sartor Resartus*—Chapter III—Symbols). It may sometimes be necessary to "call a spade a spade;" but not always—especially in a day of synonyms, that express truth quite as well. Shakespeare's vulgarity may be palliated on the ground of a limited vocabulary and a less refined age than the present; but it cannot be maintained that it is his vulgarity which makes him great. He is simply great in spite of it, as is Whitman in spite of his. True, much of Shakespeare's vulgarity is that of the vulgar characters he portrays; and the same may be said of Whitman who, while ostensibly painting his own portrait, is in reality showing forth the composite man, the average American, democracy personified, with all its virtues and vices. His aim is to exalt the body, as suggestive and inclusive of the soul; to prove that all parts and processes of the human system and of nature in general, are equally honorable; and that the evil and imperfect, no less than the good and perfect, are necessary.

It may be proper to call such work a portrait, a picture, a presentation of things ideal and commonplace, (though great artists, as a rule, secure their ideal effects by sacrificing the commonplace); but is it right to call those parts poetry which disregard and defy all known poetic standards—which are not only violative of poetic form, but of the very spirit of poesy? While the world, at present, is rude and elemental in many of its phases, it is not necessary that we should gloat upon its crudities. To properly clothe the body is not to be ashamed of it or to deny the decency of its functions. Why—to paraphrase Carlyle—why not be satisfied with the beauty and fragrance of the flower, without grubbing it up from the ground and exposing to public gaze the refuse clinging to its roots? To present the world just as it is, is to present imperfection. But the imperfect part is to be done away, and the perfect whole is

to come. Whitman himself believed in "spiritual results" as the outcome of all. He was but a step from that sublime concept of Joseph Smith's, that a heaven is to grow out of this earth, and that man is destined to develop into a God. He also believed in a way concerning the glory to be revealed, before which mountains shall be leveled, valleys raised, the crooked made straight and the rough places plain. The question resolves itself into this: How can that end best be reached—by returning to the state of naked, innocent ignorance from which Adam fell in order to learn, or by retaining our present knowledge of good and evil, the progressive result of the fall, and utilizing the fig leaves of decorum and propriety as a factor in our further advancement toward perfection?

In spite of Whitman's blemishes, however, I agree with his friend and admirer, Burroughs, when he says, "I never open his book without being struck afresh with its pictural qualities, its grasp of the concrete, its vivid realism, its intimate sense of things, persons, truths, qualities, such as only the greatest artists can give us, and such as we can never get in mere prose."

If this article were not already too long, I would give an illustration in parallel columns of the difference between the poetic style as exemplified by Milton, Wordsworth and Keats, and the prose style of which Ruskin, Newman and Pater are leading exponents. But the reader can himself make the comparison. While I admire all these masters of English, I have no fear that "the poets of the twentieth century" will discard the former and follow only the latter as literary models. Possibly something greater than either style will yet appear; if so, I venture the prophecy that it will be poetry before prose.

With all my heart, let pass the false, the artificial, the insincere. They must pass. No lie can live; it is the truth in things that causes them to survive; and truth survives for the very reason that it is as old as eternity. What had no beginning can have no end. But the passing of the untrue does not involve the wholesale abolishment of poetry. Poetry, like religion, like music, like art, has a mission. Let it be true to that mission, and there will be a change of sentiment in its favor. The hearts of the prodigals now feeding on husks will return to it. True poetry cannot pass. So long as the mind has exalted thoughts and the heart has profound emotions, so long will there be a corresponding and fitting medium of

expression. Only in the absence of these, can poetry become obsolete and prose be enthroned in its stead.

The distaste for poetry, like the distaste for religion, is one of the signs of the times. Both are neglected for the same reasons, only one of which is the false and dead forms in which they are sometimes clothed. The fault is not with the things themselves, but with the hackneyed, worn-out and oftentimes incompetent manner of their presentation. A stereotyped stupidity of routine renders most things lifeless and insipid; though some routine is of course necessary. Poetry and religion are mainly unpopular because of the mighty wave of materialism that is sweeping over the world. They have nothing in common with the sordid and the sensual, though they take account of and utilize to their true end and purpose temporal things. "Among them but not of them" is the position of this divine twain in the midst of money-worship, political chicanery, and the innumerable tom-fooleries of society. Their mission is to correct such evils, to lift the banner of the ideal above the real, and lead the human mind and life up to loftier levels.

The spirit of poesy is akin to the spirit of religion, and in its highest sense it is the spirit of religion, the key to the universe, the clew to the solution of that beautiful and mysterious symbolism everywhere pervading God's handiwork, and placed there no doubt that the minds of his children, by means of the poetic faculty possessed in some degree by all, might be led step by step "from wisdom on to higher wisdom;" the less ever pointing out the greater, the type suggesting the fulfillment, the promise merging into the performance, until eventually we attain perfection.

The spirit of poesy is eternal. Like the spirit of man, it does not die when the body perishes; like the human form, it does not change with the coming and going of the fashions. It is essentially creative; the meaning of poesy is "to make." It will create for itself in the future, as it has in the past, new and ever varying forms of expression, in which, however, as in the bodies of men, and in the costumes worn by them from age to age, there will always be found similarities and resemblances. Poetic forms, when true and genuine, when the ring of inspiration accompanies them, proclaim their divine origin more surely and more strikingly than "the apparel proclaims the man."

## RESULTS OF OBEDIENCE.

BY APOSTLE HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT OF THE MISSION IN JAPAN.

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"To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of rams."

As an illustration of the benefits of following counsel, I take pleasure in relating to the readers of the ERA an incident from the missionary experiences of President Jesse N. Smith of the Snowflake stake, which he related to me eighteen years ago. It is in substance as follows:

The custom prevailed in the Scandinavian countries of betrothing children. A case happened at the time that President Jesse N. Smith was laboring in the Scandinavian mission as its president, in which a young lady, who had been betrothed in her childhood, and who subsequently married the man to whom she was betrothed, and who embraced the gospel long before being married, desired that President Smith should assist her in coming to Utah; that is, that she should be permitted to leave her husband and travel with her child in company with the Saints to Liverpool, and embark upon the vessel carrying the Saints to New York. Brother Smith positively refused to allow anything of the kind, stating that as her husband was not a member of the Church, if she were to leave without his consent, it would incur his enmity, and that he would become a bitter persecutor of the Saints. The good sister pleaded that it was necessary to forsake husband or, wife, father or mother and all for the gospel's sake, but Brother Smith still refused to aid her in "running away" from her husband. At the time the marriage took place, the husband was friendly to-



wards the "Mormons," so their married life was pleasant, but after some years, he became prejudiced against them, and denied her the privilege of attending meetings with those of her faith, whereupon she felt justified in leaving him. Brother Smith volunteered to go and speak with the husband, and try and persuade him to permit his wife and child to emigrate to Utah. The sister objected, saying she felt confident her husband would only insult him, should he make any such request. President Smith, however, thought otherwise, and sent Elder Halvorsen, then president of the Copenhagen conference, to her husband, who fully explained to him that it was no part of the business of our missionaries to disrupt homes. He further explained that his wife's heart was set on moving to Utah; that with her religious convictions she could never be contented under existing circumstances; and that he did not believe there could be any happiness in the household under these circumstances.

After learning that our missionaries were always instructed never to baptize a woman without the consent of the husband, or children without the consent of parents, and that the president of the Scandinavian mission would not be a party to aid his wife to emigrate to Utah, unknown to him, the husband gave his consent for her to go. He was captain of a ship, engaged in the merchant marine, and the only request that he made was that his wife and child should not leave until he should be absent with his vessel. He said he could not endure to be present and see them go.

It certainly is very plain to every one that this man's heart would have been full of enmity for the Latter-day Saints, and that he would have become a bitter persecutor of the people had President Smith consented to his wife's running away from him.

Some few people allow their zeal to run away with their judgment; but if missionaries will hearken to and obey the instructions of the servants of the Lord, never to baptize women or children or advise them to emigrate contrary to the wishes of husbands and parents, the final result will be for the best good of their converts, as the final results of obedience in all cases are grand and glorious, and the result in this case, certainly was gratifying, and no exception to the rule.

The husband, while out on the broad sea, in looking through

his trunk, discovered a Book of Mormon. His heart was full of enmity when he discovered this book, and he had an intense hatred for it, believing that its contents had been instrumental in robbing him of wife and child, the dearest of all earthly possessions to the heart of a true man. His natural impulse was to destroy the book, but upon reflection, he was aware of the fact that it had been packed in his trunk because of the love of a devoted wife. He, therefore, concluded to read it. After reading it once, he became interested, and read it again and again, with the result that he became convinced by the inspiration of the Spirit to him, as is the case with all honest seekers after truth, that it was in very deed what it purported to be, namely: the history of the dealings of the Lord with the ancient people of America. He believed the inspired words of the prophets therein recorded, and immediately upon his return home, resigned his position, embraced the gospel, emigrated to Utah, and has since been sealed to his wife by the power of the Holy Priesthood. His heart was full of joy and thanksgiving to God, and gratitude to President Smith; and shortly after his arrival in Utah, he assured President Smith that he looked upon him as having been a savior to him and his family.

Had President Smith lacked the wisdom to carry out the instructions given to all of our missionaries, and been over-anxious to aid in sending a convert to Utah, in opposition to the wishes of her husband, the husband would undoubtedly have been an enemy of the Latter-day Saints, looking upon them as having robbed him of wife and child. Being an influential man his influence against the Latter-day Saints would have been quite potent, no doubt, and there is no telling to what extent that injury might have gone.

Truly this incident verifies the saying of the prophet, that "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of rams."

## WHAT ADDRESS WILL IT BE?

BY ELDER J. H. WARD.

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A group of telegraph messenger boys, dressed in their neat uniforms, were standing, one morning lately, in the corridor of the telegraph office, ready for service, and engaged in conversation in an undertone, with each other, as they were not permitted to speak loudly or act boisterously in the building. Just then the telegraph manager stepped into the corridor and called in a firm voice, "Number eight, this way!" The boy whose cap bore that number obeyed the summons cheerfully, and with a respectful bow took the telegraphic dispatch in hand, as the manager said, "Peter Lick, you will have need to use your eyes and best judgment to find the residence of the man to whom this telegram is sent." The business of a messenger boy is not always pleasant; and this time the message was to be delivered in one of the least pleasing parts of the city. Even when the required street was reached, it was no easy task to find the residences of some of the inhabitants. Poor Peter, he was obliged to wander through dark alleys into underground cellars and up rickety stairways, still enquiring, but without success, for the name of the person to whom the dispatch was sent.

At length, he rapped at the door of an old dwelling in the rear of a business house, and a feeble voice answered from within, "Who is there?" The boy replied, "I have a telegraphic dispatch for John Ridman; can you tell me where he lives?" The door was opened by a feeble old woman, and she called a young woman in a neighboring room. After talking together a few moments, they replied, "There was a man named John Ridman who lived just across the alley; he died about a year ago." So the boy wrote on

the envelope, "Person addressed died about a year ago; left no address."

Peter Lick quickly returned to the telegraph office, and handed the manager the envelope on which these words had been written. The manager's kind and expressive eyes met those of the boy, as he replied, "So the man has died, and has left no means by which we may find his address." These words were plain and simple enough, but the penetrating glance of his eyes set the boy thinking as he had never thought before on the subject. The next day the manager again spoke to him and said: "Peter, when we die, do you think we shall be able to leave any token behind us as to what our future address will be?" The boy at first did not understand him. "What!" thought Peter, "Is the next state of existence so nearly like this that we will have different addresses? Will there be different streets in the heavenly city? and different numbers on the dwellings? Will some parts of the city be more beautiful than others? Will some dwellings be only mediocre while others will be grand and beautiful? Will the dwellings there correspond to the character of the inmates?" These thoughts passed many times through the mind of Peter during the week. On the next Sunday, while in the Sunday school, he read a portion of the Gospel according to St. John. He came at length to these words, which St. John records as spoken by the Savior, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." On the next Monday, when Peter met the manager, he said to him, "Mr.—, I think I understand your question now."



## SOME LEADING EVENTS IN THE CURRENT STORY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

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### **Cecil Rhodes.**

The recent death of Cecil Rhodes in South Africa removes one of the most picturesque figures of the British Empire. Rhodes was the son of an English clergyman, and was forty-nine years old, at his death. When a boy, at Oxford, he broke down in health and went to South Africa whose genial climate restored him to a certain measure of robustness. His ambition to obtain an education carried him back again during the warmer months to Oxford; and, little by little, he completed his work which entitled him to a degree from that celebrated university.

Rhodes was quick to perceive the great future possibilities of his new home, and he soon began his enterprises at Kimberley, where, in those wonderful diamond mines, he was able to amass a large fortune. He was a man of comprehensive view and statesmanlike qualities, and soon became an important factor in the political life of South Africa. Early in life, he conceived the idea that Africa, or at any rate its most valuable sections, should become a part of the vast British Empire. Just north of the country in which the Boers lived, there was a vast strip of land, an empire in itself, known as Mashonaland and Matabeleland. In order to secure control of that vast country, he obtained from England a charter for what is known as the British South African Company, and here he began his great scheme of colonization. Between his empire on the north, which came to be known as Rhodesia, and Cape Colony on the south, there were two independent republics; one, the Orange Free State, and the other, the Transvaal, both under the control of the Dutch Boers. He conceived and encouraged the idea that the whole country, from the Cape in the south to Rhodesia in the north, should be united into one great province. The occupation by the Boers of the two small republics offered difficulties in the way of his great schemes to colonize and develop South Africa. However, he began a policy of reconciliation with the Boers of South Africa, and in time became Prime Minister of Cape Colony,

a position which he could occupy through Boer favor only. As long as the Dutch of these two republics were isolated, their position was not so objectionable, but after the opening of the great Johannesburg or Rand mines, the Dutch government was a constant hindrance and annoyance, and sometimes an exasperation to men of Mr. Rhodes' ambition and commercial activity. His efforts to crowd the Dutch, and his insistence upon certain concessions upon their part, made him very unpopular with the two republics. He had placed Dr. Jameson in charge of the police forces of Rhodesia, where Dr. Jameson had under his command something like five hundred men. It was in 1896 when Jameson was in charge of the constabulary, organized chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Rhodes, that the idea was conceived of upsetting the Transvaal government, and plans were laid to make a raid on the Transvaal and uniting with the citizens of Johannesburg to overthrow the Dutch republic. The undertaking resulted in a rash failure, and instead of upsetting the Transvaal government, Jameson, in the words of Mr. Rhodes himself, upset the latter's apple-cart. This was an international offense which the English government condoned as best it possibly could, because Mr. Jameson and Mr. Rhodes were both playing their game as they understood it, in favor of Great Britain. From 1896 on, difficulties between the English and the Boers increased; and, finally, in 1899, resulted in the war which has raged for nearly three years. In the midst of armed contest, Mr. Rhodes was apparently pushed to one side by the home government which may or may not have been jealous of his influence in South Africa. For the last two or three years, Mr. Rhodes has been compelled to forego the execution of some of his great plans, in consequence of the war. Among the most notable of his great propositions is the Cape to Cairo railroad, which it was Mr. Rhodes' determined purpose to bring about. It will be interesting to note the diversity of views that are sure to exist in the commentaries upon the life and character of Cecil Rhodes. That in some respects he was an unscrupulous man, writers, perhaps, must generally admit. At the same time he was a man of progressive spirit, of great enterprise, and of broad views. He had certain great elements of a statesman in him; and, had he lived, there were those who believed that some day he would be the Prime Minister of England. One of his ideals was embodied in his efforts to promote something of a world-empire, and thereby unite the great Anglo-Saxon race, found in England, America, South Africa and Australia. He believed that England was the most glorious nation in the world, and was the great leader of modern thought. His ideas about the amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon races are embodied in his will, some parts of which have been made public.

He conceived the idea of establishing scholarships at Oxford University, England, and for that purpose endowed each scholarship with an annual endowment of one thousand five hundred dollars a year each, a most liberal allowance. The beneficiaries of these scholarships were to be young men from the British Colonies and the United States. He was, perhaps, more liberal to the United States than to any of the colonies of Great Britain. By the provisions of his will, each state and territory of the United States will receive two scholarships. This means that some day, two young men from Utah may become students at Oxford University. Of course, the purpose of this bequest is the spreading of English ideals, and the amalgamation of Anglo-Saxon interests. Mr. Rhodes would make Oxford the great center of educational life, and he would make it the initiative point of the world's political and national influences. He would have all the off-shoots of the English-speaking race look to Oxford, and that part of English life for which the university stands. In behalf of Utah, we thank you, Mr. Rhodes.

### **The New Republic.**

A date has finally been fixed for the inauguration of President Palma of Cuba. Cuba's new President will now transfer his home from the United States to Havana. The date fixed for the ceremonies is the 20th of May, when the new government will be inaugurated, and the United States will proceed at once to withdraw its soldiers and relinquish control of the Island. However, before President Palma is inaugurated, the Cuban Congress will be convened, in order that the new constitution may be promulgated, and in order that the new President and the legislature may proceed to the transaction of such initial business as is necessary to set the machinery of the new government in motion; and Cuba, after centuries of misrule and repeated disappointments in her efforts to secure independence, is now born to new life. Notwithstanding the propitious circumstances surrounding the birth of this new republic, there are clouds hanging over Cuba and her people, misgivings about the future prosperity of the Island. Sugar, like cotton was in the early days of the American republic, is king, but the high tariff in this country is almost a prohibition on the importation of Cuban sugar, and Cuba has applied to us for relief. The question now before the Congress of the United States is whether we shall favor her by a reduction of our tariff. At the present writing, it seems as if we should yield to something like twenty per cent. The present tariff is about \$1.67 per hundred weight. A reduction of one-fifth would be about 33 2-5 cents per hundred weight. This will be some relief to Cuba, but not what they so much desire.

The United States has just cause to congratulate herself upon a most magnanimous policy shown toward the people of Cuba. Our blood has been shed, and our treasure freely expended to promote and secure Cuban liberty. There are other countries, no doubt, that would have created one pretext or another to gain permanent control of the Island. When our policy is, therefore, compared with that of England, in South Africa and Egypt; with that of France, in North Africa and China; that of Germany, in Shantung; and that of Russia, in Manchuria, Cuba has abundant cause for gratitude, and we, reasons for self-congratulation. Our policy of temporary occupation is perhaps the only single instance in modern times in which temporary occupation has been exactly what the words imply.

There are those, however, who hope, if not expect, that some day Cuba will apply for admission in the Union, and they will doubtless do all that they can to encourage a relationship likely to bring about their desires. However, if Cuba maintains a stable government, and offers to the United States reciprocal advantages of trade, it is quite likely this country will prefer that Cuba remain as it is, an independent republic.

### **Sugar.**

The consumption and production of sugar throughout the world have given rise, in late years, to the strongest competition among the nations of Europe, and the United States, to promote a largely increased output. Germany and France have been vying with each other in the production of beet sugar; and, in order to increase the market abroad for their sugar products, they have given large bounties to their sugar producers. This bounty has been constantly increased, until it reached thirty-five cents per hundred weight. Of course, this meant cheaper sugar to those countries who admitted it free, or practically free, of duty. The bounty system there has been overworked, and lately there has been a conference of these nations, in Brussels, for the purpose of making a uniform reduction in the bounty system, and, perhaps, in the end a removal of the bounty altogether. One of the alleged reasons in Europe for giving high bounties, has been the excuse from each nation that it was simply meeting the competition of its rivals. The consumption of sugar has grown so wonderfully in the past thirty years that its encouragement is a matter of national importance. In 1870, it was estimated that the total production of sugar was 2,750,000 tons per year. Today it is estimated at 8,500,000 tons per year. In 1870, two-thirds of the production was cane sugar, now it is the other way, and beet sugar production is double that of the cane sugar.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### THE PRIESTHOOD AND ITS OFFICES.

In the ERA for February, it was stated that several persons who had acted as counselors in the First Presidency had never been ordained apostles. Several correspondents have objected to the statement that Sidney Rigdon, Jedediah M. Grant, Daniel H. Wells, John R. Winder, and others, were not ordained apostles. We still maintain, upon lack of convincing evidence to the contrary, that none of these brethren was ever ordained an apostle. We do know positively that John R. Winder, Sidney Rigdon, Wm. Law and Hyrum Smith, all of whom were members in the First Presidency of the Church, were never ordained apostles. But, be that as it may, however, the main point we wish to make is this, that it was not necessary that they should so be ordained apostles in order to hold the position of counselor in the First Presidency. The leading fact to be remembered is that the Priesthood is greater than any of its offices; and that any man holding the Melchizedek Priesthood may, by virtue of its possession, perform any ordinance pertaining thereto, or connected therewith, when called upon to do so by one holding the proper authority, which proper authority is vested in the President of the Church, or in any whom he may designate. Every officer in the Church is under his direction, and he is directed of God. He is also selected of the Lord to be the head of the Church, and so becomes, when the Priesthood of the Church, (which includes its officers,) and its members, shall have so accepted and upheld him. (Doctrine and Covenants section 107:22). No man can justly presume to have authority to preside, merely by virtue of his Priesthood, as is the case with Joseph Smith of the reorganized church, for in addition, he must be chosen and accepted by the Church. The reverse was the case with him. Such action was repudiated by the Twelve, the quorum in authority after the martyrdom, and by the whole Church. An office in the Priesthood is a calling, like Apostle, High Priest, Seventy, Elder, and derives all its authority from that Priest-

hood; these officers hold different callings, but the same Priesthood.

The apostolic office, in its very nature, is a proselyting office. When an Apostle presides, he, like the High Priest, the Seventy, the Elder, or the Bishop, presides because of the High Priesthood which has been conferred upon him; and furthermore, because he has been called upon so to do by the acknowledged head of the Church. (Doctrine and Covenants, section 107:23-33.) And so with the High Priest who has been called to officiate in the First Presidency, in which case he is "accounted equal" with the President of the Church in holding the keys of the Presidency, (section 90:6) as long as the President remains. When he dies, the calling of his counselors ends, and the responsibility of Presidency falls upon the quorum of Twelve Apostles, because they hold the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood and are the next quorum in authority. (Doctrine and Covenants, section 107:24) It is not the apostleship, (Doctrine and Covenants section 107) but the Priesthood and the calling by proper authority which enables any person to preside. Every man holding the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood may act in any capacity and do all things that such Priesthood authorizes, it makes no difference what office in that Priesthood he holds, providing he is called upon by proper authority to so officiate; but he would have no right to depart from the limitations of his office, unless he is specially called upon by one whose calling, from those over him up to the head, would clearly authorize him to give such instructions. It is always to be presumed, also, that order will be observed, and that the servants of the Lord will not depart from that order, and call upon men to do things which the law of the Priesthood and the nature of their office, does not authorize, unless there is special occasion for it. The Lord says that all things are governed by law. (See Doctrine and Covenants section 88:42). It is not consistent, for instance, to imagine that the Lord would call upon a deacon to baptize.

Witness the calling, on Feb. 14, 1835, of David Whitmer and Martin Harris, both High Priests, by the Prophet Joseph, in conformity with prior revelation from God (see Doctrine and Covenants section 18) to "search out the Twelve." They chose the Twelve, ordained, and set them apart for their exalted callings, because they

were called upon by the prophet of God who had been instructed of the Lord, and also because these men held the necessary authority of the Priesthood, which authority was exercised, in this case as it should be in all cases, upon proper calling. The Doctrine and Covenants makes it very clear that while each officer in the Church has a right to officiate in his own standing, "The Melchizedek Priesthood holds the right of Presidency, and has power and authority over all the offices in the Church in all ages of the world to administer in spiritual things." (Doctrine and Covenants section 107:8).

Further, in the same revelation, verses 65 and 66, we are told:

"Wherefore it must needs be that one be appointed of the High Priesthood to preside over the Priesthood, and he shall be called President of the High Priesthood of the Church;

Or, in other words, the Presiding High Priest over the High Priesthood of the Church."

It is well to remember that the term "High Priesthood," as frequently used, has reference to the Melchizedek Priesthood, in contradistinction to the "Lesser," or Aaronic Priesthood.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
JOHN R. WINDER,  
ANTHON H. LUND.

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#### B. H. ROBERTS.

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We present an excellent portrait of Elder B. H. Roberts in this number of the IMPROVEMENT ERA. Elder Roberts, who is second assistant in the General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A., and an enthusiastic advocate of education and advancement for the young people, was born in Warrington, Lancashire, England, March 13, 1857. He is the son of Benjamin and Ann Roberts. In 1866, he emigrated to Utah with his eldest sister, and settled with his mother in Bountiful, Davis County, whither she had preceded him four years, and had established a home.

At the age of seventeen, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith in the settlement, and made his home there for a number of years. He was connected with the early movements of the Improvement

Associations, which were first organized in 1875, and for two years was the Superintendent of the associations of the Davis stake of Zion, which position he quit when called on his first mission to the Northern States, in 1880. Nine months after arriving in that field, he was transferred to the South, where he served for two years, at the close of which time, he was called to assist in the presidency of the Southern States mission, over which he afterwards had direct charge for three years. In 1886, he was temporarily released and became the associate editor of the *Salt Lake Herald*. While acting in this capacity, he was arrested, during "the raid," on the then prevailing charge. He avoided having his case brought to trial at that time, and with the consent of his bondsmen and the advice of his brethren, went to Great Britain, where he served in the mission field two years, chiefly engaged in editing the *Millennial Star*. He returned in the fall of 1888, and at the October conference was appointed a member of the First Council of Seventy, being ordained under the hands of the late President Lorenzo Snow, in which capacity he has continued to faithfully serve up to the present time. Following this ordination, he visited, during the ensuing years, all parts of the Church, preaching to the people generally and assisting in the building up of the Stakes of Zion. He filled several brief missions in the meantime—one to the Eastern States, with Elder John Morgan, the purpose of which was to stem the tide of misrepresentation which was then running against the Latter-day Saints. Subsequently he filled a call to Mexico and California. In a later or second mission to the Coast with Apostle Francis M. Lyman, he assisted in opening the California mission, which was established in 1893. In July, 1896, he was appointed a second time to go to the Eastern States, in company with Elders George D. Pyper, Melville Ballard and Edward Midgley. During this trip, he visited Kansas City, St. Louis, (where he organized a branch of the Church) Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New York and Chicago, speaking in all these large cities; the special purpose of their visit being to allay prejudice against the Latter-day Saints, and open missions in these cities.

Prior to his departure upon this latter journey, he outlined a



scheme for the revival of the labors among the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. A letter embodying his views on the subject was sent to President Wilford Woodruff, and favorably considered. As a result, there was a general revival inaugurated by a series of lectures given in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, under the auspices of the associations. These were later repeated in Ogden and Provo, and gave a new impetus to the cause of Mutual Improvement. Missionaries were called; the General Board was more fully organized, and weekly meetings held; the Manual was devised and issued by them, and the IMPROVEMENT ERA, of which Elder Roberts became the associate editor, was established in October, 1897; the whole resulting in a wide-spread improvement among the young people.

In 1898, Elder Roberts was elected, by the Democratic Party, representative from Utah in the Congress of the United States. He had before this engaged in politics, having served in the Legislature and also in the Constitutional Convention of the State of Utah, in which, as in all things to which he applies his mind, he took a leading part and an active interest.

His writings are found in nearly every household of the Saints; the "Life of John Taylor," the "Gospel," "A New Witness for God," "Ecclesiastical History," "The Missouri Persecutions," and "Rise and Fall of Nauvoo," being his principal works.

At the April, 1902, conference, he was sustained as one of the assistants of the Church Historian, and he has been engaged for a year past in the arduous task of editing "The History of the Church," a voluminous work, the first book of which will soon appear.

Elder Roberts is a man of broad views and splendid oratorical ability, and is a deep thinker, a genial associate, and a leader, indeed, among the people.

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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

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### **Why Children are Baptized When Eight Years Old.**

Why are children who are eight years of age, who have committed no sin, baptized, baptism being for the remission of sins?

The question as to whether children who are eight years of

age have no sin, we need not discuss. Baptism is for the remission of sins, and it is doubtless true that all who have lived to the age of accountability (fixed by direct revelation to the Church at eight years, Doctrine and Covenants, section 68: 25-28) have sinned, and are, besides, in need of baptism in order to "enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Baptism must be performed at some time in the case of every one that would be saved. When it is performed by proper authority, and with a manifestation of sincerity on the part of the candidate, it is efficacious for the remission of sins. Let it be emphasized that this baptism must be performed once in the case of each individual, and thereby he secures the remission of his sins. The sins of a lifetime are thus remitted, conditional upon sincere repentance, both *before* and *after* baptism. Since it makes no difference, apparently, so far as its efficacy is concerned, at what time in the person's life this baptism occurs—it may be appointed by revelation and it has been so appointed at the eighth year, which alone, is an all sufficient reason why children should be baptized at that age. It is also a good reason why they should not be baptized before that age, since only the accountable should receive baptism.

But there is another reason for setting the time for this ordinance at eight years. Baptism has for one of its objects admittance into the Church of Christ; it has for its objects the "Fulfilling of all righteousness," as well as the remission of sins. In the case of children the age of entrance into the Church is eight years, hence, baptism is performed at that time for the double purpose of remission of sins and admittance into the Church. The proper time for baptism is the time when the candidate is ready to become a member of the Church—children of Latter-day Saint parentage, at eight years; adults, at the time of their conversion. Whether the person is eight years of age, or eighty, the baptism which admits into the Church is efficacious for the remission of sins if accompanied, before and afterwards, by sincere repentance. If baptism accomplished the remission merely of sins previously committed, it would seem less needful to baptize a child at eight years, but in the light of the explanation given above, the wisdom of the requirement is apparent.

## NOTES.

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We can have animals without sympathy, and we can have low, rude men without sympathy, but without it there is no high form of manhood. Coarseness is callousness. A blunt nature is a form of vulgarity. The seared conscience may not be sensitive, but sympathy is fineness of fibre and delicacy of structure, united with volume and strength. Just because Jesus Christ is the ideal man, he rejoices with those who rejoice and weeps with those who weep. The violinist, standing at one end of a corridor, will play softly on his instrument, but if you put your ear down to a violin lying on a table in the next room, by listening, you will hear the tune played over again, and repeated by the second instrument that precisely answers to the first. Christ found the world filled with groans and tears and sorrows, and he who puts his ear close to the Christ will find echoed back all the still, sad music of humanity. The soul is an aeolian harp, that ought to answer the faintest zephyr with a song. There is no test of manhood like sympathy that enters into and answers back all the overtures from heaven and earth, from God and man. Sympathy cannot behold a vine torn from its wall without pinning the bruised boughs back to their places. Sympathy cannot see the ship sailing out of the harbor without wishing a good voyage and safe return. Sympathy cannot see a youth going out to make his fortune without stopping to pray that the youth may return laden with treasure, indeed, but also bringing his unstained virtue with him. Sympathy's eyes are painted as bright, but the brightness is generally tears. Indeed, it is sympathy that betokens intellectual power. There never was a great poet, or dramatist, or orator who did not excel his fellows in sympathy as truly as in intellect.—*Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.*

Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking, and the deeds that he is doing,—when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God.—*PHILLIPS BROOKS.*

## OUR WORK.

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### GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

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It has been decided by the conjoint boards of Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement associations, to hold the annual conference on the thirtieth and thirty-first of May and the first of June, 1902, in Salt Lake City.

The Mutual Improvement cause is one of great importance in the Church, and at the coming conference many useful instructions pertaining to the welfare of the societies and the labors of the officers will be imparted by members of the General Board. No officer can afford to miss this opportunity of familiarizing himself with the duties that will devolve upon him in the labors of the coming year, and, consequently, cannot afford to absent himself from the meetings of this general conference. On Friday and Saturday, meetings of the officers will be held separately, and on the Sunday following, general conjoint meetings will be held in the Tabernacle, to which the public and all the workers of the associations are earnestly invited. It is to be hoped that every stake of Zion and every ward in the Church will at least have a representative present in each of the officers' meetings.

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### THE NEW MANUAL.

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Manual 6, for the year 1902-3, is now being prepared by the committee of the General Board. It will treat on the Principles of the Gospel, being a continuation of last year's Manual under this title, and will contain five leading topics under the headings that follow:

1. Universal Application of the Gospel; 2. The Church 3. Mission of the Church; 4. Ethics of the Gospel; and 5. The Resurrection. These general subjects will be divided into about twenty lessons; and the



Manual, besides treating upon the Eternity of the Fundamental Principles, the Successive Dispensations, Work for the Dead, Church Organization, Forms and Ceremonies, Revelation, Gathering, the Resurrection and the Judgment, will also deal with the Philosophy of the Gospel, and Practical Religion, including honesty, temperance, chastity, marriage, tithing, consecration, etc. Preliminary programs will be continued.

The purpose of the Manual, and methods for teaching, will be among the important instructions that will be offered by members of the Board to the officers of the associations convened in the coming conference. As there are many new officers who will necessarily take the place of others who have been either promoted to the Priesthood quorums, or called away upon foreign missions, or who have been assigned to other labors in the Church, it is very necessary that the stake and ward organizations should be complete, and that each stake and ward should be properly represented by officers that will remain with the associations for the season coming. The Y. M. M. I. A. are always supplied with many new officers, and it is especially important that these should attend the conference, so that they may become familiarized with the duties that will devolve upon them in their labors with the youth of Zion.

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### DO SOMETHING DURING SUMMER.

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Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of keeping the interest of the young men and the public alive in the associations and their work during the summer vacation. Some methods should be adopted by the officers of every stake to this end. Conjoint meetings of special interest should be held, and other means employed to engage the young people in social, literary and educational directions. In the Weber stake, a series of lectures has been arranged for by Superintendent John L. Herrick. These will be held in the Ogden Tabernacle, and the general public are invited to attend. The dates and speakers follow:

April 22, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m., "Our Pre-existence and the Godhead," Elder B. H. Roberts. April 29, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m., "The Three Glories," Elder Charles W. Penrose. May 4, Sunday, 2 p. m., "Analysis of Faith," Professor James E. Talmage. May 13, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m., "Repentance and Baptism," Elder Nephi L. Morris.

The ERA will gladly print suggestions from the officers of any stake on how best to employ the vacation.

## EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY THOMAS HULL, GENERAL SECRETARY OF Y. M. M. I. A.

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LOCAL—*March* 16—The Salt Lake Stake conference convened and was more largely attended than any other ever held.....Susan Tullidge, widow of historian Edward W. Tullidge, died.....19—Senator Kearns lodges a protest with the President against the withdrawal of so much public land in Utah for forest reserves.....An enthusiastic celebration is held in Ogden to commemorate the beginning of work on the Lucin cut-off.....18—Senator Rawlins causes a lively debate in the Senate in an effort to have printed in the *Record* some Philippine correspondence.....The Tabernacle choir are cheered by the students of the University of California.....19—Rain was general all day over Utah.....20—Polks' directory just issued gives the population of Salt Lake City proper at 75,000; city and suburbs, 89,551 .....22—Robert Mawson, aged 85, of Mill Creek, Salt Lake county, died.....The Eighteenth Ward square was purchased by Mrs. E. F. Holmes for \$35,000.....23—James Glendinning, born Scotland, July 31, 1844, formerly mayor of Salt Lake City, died in Spokane, Wash.....24—The Salt Lake Tabernacle choir returned from the Pacific coast after an enjoyable trip.....25—James S. Brown, born North Carolina, July 4, 1829, a member of the "Mormon" battalion and with the discoverers of gold in California, died in Salt Lake City..... Henry Mainwaring, born England, Feb. 10, 1827, died in Springville, Utah Co.....26—W. M. Bradley succeeds W. C. Weaver as receiver of the Ogden Water Works.....27—The bill providing for a miner's home on the Fort Douglas reserve is favorably reported to the Senate.....30—Sam. Collins was found murdered near Ensign Peak.....31—The mining dividends in Utah for March were \$360,500; stock sales, 2,454,287 shares for \$1,570,525.25; ore and bullion settlements, \$1,410,190.....The local land office is directed to withdraw 18 sections in Manti Canyon for a forest reserve.....Wm. H. Davis, age 78, a pioneer of 1866, died in Pleasant Grove, Utah Co.

*April* 1—John Sears, born England, October, 1822, died in Salt Lake City.....Senator Rawlins' bill for a fish hatchery in Utah is fav-

orably reported.....The State Irrigation Congress of Utah permanently organized: A. J. Evans, president; A. F. Doremus, vice-president; Geo. C. Lambert, Sen., secretary.....4—The State Live Stock association was organized: John H. White, president; Wesley K. Walton, secretary; J. C. Leary, treasurer.....The 72d annual conference of the Church opened, Joseph F. Smith, presiding, with a larger attendance than ever before in the history of the Church.....5—The aggregate sales of Z. C. M. I. for last fiscal year was four million dollars.....6—At the closing speech of conference, President John R. Winder, announced that since the Salt Lake Temple was completed 685,966 ordinances have been performed therein. A feature of the conference was the first report from the mission in Japan by Apostle Heber J. Grant.....At the Sunday School Union meeting, it was announced that the Sunday Schools have increased to 1055, a gain of 75 during the year, with 129,632 officers, teachers and pupils, a gain of 6,148 .....7—There was a terrific wind and rain storm over Salt Lake Valley.....W. M. Roylance of Provo is elected Democratic State chairman.....John Scrowcroft, born England, Dec. 9, 1844, a prominent citizen of Utah, died at his home in Ogden.....9—Clyde Felt, pleads not guilty to murdering Samuel Collins, for which crime he was recently arrested on his own confession.....Henry Lee, born England, Jan. 11, 1841, came to Utah in 1852, died in American Fork, yesterday.....11—J. E. Langford was elected manager of Saltair Co's. property.....The Brigham City electric line is incorporated. ....13—The sectarian ministers commend President Joseph F. Smith for his decision to abolish the sale of liquor at Saltair. ....14—Matilda M. Barratt, born England, January 17, 1837, donor of \$24,000 to L. D. S. University for Barratt memorial building, died in Salt Lake City.

DOMESTIC—*March* 16—North Dakota is swept by a fearful blizzard .....17—The ship subsidy bill passes the Senate by a majority of 11 .....The Dakotas are snowbound with the thermometer ranging from 10 to 16 below zero.....18—Hoboken, N. J., has a million dollar fire in which two lives are lost.....20—Gen. Nelson A. Miles threatens to resign if the War Department military bill passes Congress .....21—The bill providing for the protection of the President passes the Senate.....23—Four additional cases of cholera are reported from Manila.....24—C. F. W. Neeley was fined \$56,701, and sentenced to ten years in prison for complicity in the Cuban postal frauds. W. W. Reeves and E. G. Rathbone received similar punishment.....The President and cabinet fix the date of turning over Cuba to its people

at May 20, 1902.....27—In a message to Congress, President Roosevelt asks authority to appoint diplomatic and consular representatives of the U. S. in Cuba.....The alleged Captain Christmas frauds in the purchase of the Danish West Indies were aired in the House by Richardson of Tenn.....28—Henry Clay Evans, commissioner of pensions has placed his resignation with the President.....29—Loss by floods in Tennessee reaches over one million dollars.

*April 3*—The Senate passes the Oleomargarine bill.....At the House hearing of the Christmas charges, these were proved false .....Twelve hotels are destroyed by fire in Atlantic City, entailing a loss of \$750,000.....7—The House passed the Chinese exclusion bill.....President Roosevelt makes several speeches in Virginia on his way to Charleston.....8—President Roosevelt is given a great ovation in Charleston, S. C.....10—The President after thanking the people for the splendid welcome accorded him, bids farewell to the South, at Summerville, S. C.....11—Cuban reciprocity debate continues in the House.....12—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the noted Presbyterian divine, born Jan. 7, 1832, died in Washington, D. C.

FOREIGN—*March 17*—Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia set foot again on German soil on his return from America.....19—Chinese rebels in the south provinces continue to defeat the imperial troops sent to stop the rebellion.....20—John Dillon, Irish Nationalist, was suspended from the House of Commons for calling Secretary Joseph Chamberlain a liar.....24—An armistice has been arranged in South Africa.....26—Cecil Rhodes, the "Uncrowned King of Rhodesia," died at Cape Town, South Africa, in the 49th year of his age.....31—70,000 deaths are reported monthly in Panjab, India, from the plague.

*April 1*—Affairs in South Africa indicate an early close of the war.....The Mexican congress opened.....3—The public funeral of Cecil Rhodes occurs in Cape Town; he will be buried at Mottoppha Hill, Rhodesia.....4—The will of Cecil Rhodes provides for two Oxford scholarships for each state and territory of the U. S., five from Germany, also scholarships for each of the British colonies; he leaves an estate valued at \$72,000,000.....King Leopold of Belgium was mobbed in Brussels by Socialists who waved red flags in his face .....10—A serious revolt is reported from Brussels.....Peace terms in South Africa have been agreed upon.....11—Riots in Belgium are liable to result in the proclamation of martial law.....13—Quiet has again been restored in Belgium, but the situation continues grave.



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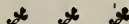


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